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OCT 92

EDITORIAL

CONSENTING ADULTS

When some Southern Democrats reckoned they'd get more mileage from blacks with a vote for Clarence Thomas than a vote against him, and when most Republicans figured they'd win favor with regular Joes by supporting Thomas and not catch too much hell from the Missus, the White House's struggle to secure Senate consent for the nominee was won. The way the power lines run in the Senate, it was the Democrats who gave Thomas the victory. Three in particular might well have voted him down: Chuck Robb, but he has the hot breath of sexual scandal on his back; Wyche Fowler, but he's a liberal who voted against the gulf war (doubly dubious in red-dirt Georgia where he's up for re-election); and Dennis DeConcini, but he's one-fifth of the Keating Five. For such ironies we are stuck into the next century with a deep nightmare of a Supreme Court.

The elaborately layered nomination "process," as the Senators kept calling it, contained enough hot buttons to keep the country in a high frenzy for weeks. Race, sex, gender, class, ideology and privilege were used and abused in a manipulated media extravaganza. There was even a whiff of cultural revolution in the air, as a suddenly heroic feminism stormed the battlements of patriarchy. But when it was over, the powers-that-be prevailed. Bush and his boys beat off the attack, as they have in place after place, from Congress to Kuwait to the Court.

Notes for next time: Judicial improvement cannot come without political realignment. It is hopeless to put so much energy into a nomination fight and ignore the politics that produces Senate seats and votes. Twenty percent of the Senate Democratic caucus voted for a Reaganite judge unabie to disprove a credible charge of sexual harassment, the same 20 percent that votes for the Reagan-Bush project whenever the chips are down. Thomas rules, but it's not too late to cut the political ground out from under him.

WOMEN SCORNED
Katha Pollitt

THOMAS & ABRAMS
Christopher Hitchens

FOOTLOOSE INDUSTRIES
Andrew Cohen

PALESTINIAN DILEMMA
Phyllis Bennis

DIOXIN BURN
Liane Clorfene Casten

ON SCREEN
Gilberto Perez
Lewis Cole

GRAND ILLUSIONS

THE PERILS OF THE NEW NATIONALISM

ERIC HOBSBAWM

At a time when the Marshall Islands have just been admitted to the United Nations, nearly twenty of whose members have a population of less than 250,000, the argument that a territory is too small to constitute a state can no longer be convincingly maintained. Of course such states—even much larger ones—are not independent in any meaningful sense. Politically and militarily they are helpless without outside protection, as Kuwait and Croatia show. Economically they are even more dependent. Few separatist movements hope to go it alone. They want to exchange dependence on a single state economy for dependence on the European Community or some other larger unit that limits its members' economic sovereignty just as much.

Still, if a territory wishes to run up its flag outside the U.N. building in New York and acquire all the other fringe benefits of statehood—a national anthem, a national airline and a few embassies in attractive or politically important capitals—the chances today seem better than ever.

But why should anyone wish to set up such a state, mostly by breaking up existing political units in Eurasia and Africa? (There is so far no significant tendency to do so in the Americas, except in Canada.) The usual reason given by would-be state-builders is that the people of the territory concerned have constituted a "nation" from the beginning of time, a special ethnic group, usually with its own language, which cannot live under the rule of strangers. The right of self-determination, they argue, implies states that coincide with nations.

(*Continued on Page 555*)

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LETTERS.

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE . . .

Los Angeles

Why did *The Nation* of all publications devote four [illegible] at- ["Di- ept. 2]? as a Republi- ber 25, 1979)? Or that George Bush cited him as one of his heroes (*USA Today*, July 10)? Or have you guys never gotten over that he married Marilyn Monroe? Case whines, "It casts [DiMaggio] as the hero of statball." I have compiled some stats with real meaning: the lifetime strikeout-to-home run ratio, which demonstrates how well a batter knows his way around the plate.

	BA	AB	HR	K	HR/K
Henry Aaron	.305	12,364	755	1383	1.83
Joe DiMaggio	.325	6821	361	369	1.02
Lou Gehrig	.340	8001	493	789	1.60
Hank Greenberg	.313	5193	331	844	2.55
Reggie Jackson	.262	9864	563	2597	4.61
Mickey Mantle	.298	8102	536	1710	3.19
Babe Ruth	.342	8399	714	1330	1.86
Ted Williams	.334	7706	521	709	1.36

SOURCE: *Total Baseball*, John Thorn and Pete Palmer

For contrast, here are the current lifetime stats of two of today's biggest sluggers:

	BA	AB	HR	K	HR/K
José Canseco	.270	3216	209	870	4.16

COURTESY: Oakland A's Office of Player Personnel

Darryl Strawberry	.263	4408	280	1085	3.87

COURTESY: Los Angeles Dodgers Publicity Department

For the record: Manager Joe McCarthy did not order Tommy Henrich to bunt, as Case states, in the crucial Game 38 versus the St. Louis Browns. Henrich asked if he could, knowing that if he became the third out, the Yankee Clipper would not get another at-bat, and the streak would end (*Streak: Joe DiMaggio and the Summer of '41* by Michael Seidel, Penguin, p. 147).

You could look it up! *Lisa Davis*

. . . JOE DiMAGGIO?

St. Petersburg, Fla.

With DiMaggio's run at the record, the entire country was caught up in the wonder of just how far its champion might go, and many came to the ballpark to cheer him on, thereby enhancing what to the game's movers and shakers is still the most powerful statistic of all: the paid attendance. *Ben Tutoli*

THE NATION TURNS . . .

Arlington, Va.

Gene Case's "debunking" of the streak is almost vomit inducing in its idiocy. Case accuses the hapless St. Louis Browns and Joe McCarthy of playing "statball" in Game 38, but he himself uses the most arbitrary of statistics to back up his thesis. By degrading the streak, Case is saying that statistics are the only valid measuring stick for greatness, as if the games were played in a vacuum. Then what was so great about Kirk Gibson's home run in the 1988 World Series? After all, lots of players have hit more than one home run in a game. The streak is special because no one has ever come close to matching it and also because baseball fans *want* it to be special. Why else did Brewers fans boo a game-winning hit in 1987 when it prevented Paul Molitor from continuing his own lengthy hitting spell? Case should loosen his tie and his sphincter a bit and put away his calculator. *Shawn Miller*

. . . ITS LONELY EYES TO YOU

Detroit

An overlooked issue, when Gene Case and others argue that Williams batted .406 for the entire 1941 season, is that Joe's "low" .408 streak average was a result of his having to swing at bad pitches, at least early in each game (once he was aware of his streak) until he got his first hit in the game. It was not until late in his streak that DiMaggio's average rose to .400 (he hit .364 in the first half of his streak, .444 in the second half and .545 in the last 11 games). Moreover, in the 16-game hitting streak that followed the 56-game streak (giving him a stretch of 72 out of 73 games in which he hit safely), Joe batted close to .450.

As an aside, in Game 4 of the 1941 World Series, not only did DiMag "whistle" a single to left after Henrich had reached first safely on Mickey Owen's error, he scored the lead run from first base on Charlie Keller's double, a great feat of base running, considering that Keller's drive off the right-field wall was quickly retrieved by Dixie Walker, and Joe slid home safely under Owen's tag. *Leon H. Warshay*

CASE AT THE BAT

New York City

Imagine a ballplayer ("Steady Eddie" Constanzy) who manages one single but only one single in every game he plays, for a lifetime batting average of .250 and a consecutive-game hitting streak exactly as long as his entire record. Is Steady Eddie the greatest hitter who ever lived? For those who would answer yes, there is no convincing rebuttal. Leon Warshay contends that the Streakster *has to* get a hit in a sense most players don't *have to*; thus he's under excruciating pressure. Except that it's ersatz pressure, generated not by the game but by the audience; his adversary, the pitcher, doesn't have to get him out—he's a casual participant in a sideshow that usually does not affect the final score. Real pressure comes when both teams' destinies hinge on the confrontation; hitter and pitcher have to raise the level of their game (Welch versus Jackson, 9th inning, Game 2, '78 World Series, is a wonderful example).

Both Ben Tutoli and Shawn Miller advise me to get with the program: Real men like streaks. Certainly individual statistical quests have promotional genius to them; they bring folks to the ballpark and they sell newspapers. I'm all for that; I was resisting larger claims. I can get into a story like "LIZ SHEDS HUBBY & 50 POUNDS" too, but I don't want to see it listed, decades later, as one of the great news events of the century. *Gene Case*

FACING *THE NATION*

Washington

I write with respect to the part of your Aug. 26/Sept. 2 "Beltway Bandits" column titled "The Reluctant Chairman." The information David Corn provided your readership was not factually accurate. He states that I "consistently opposed convening an inquiry" concerning allegations that the 1980 Reagan-Bush campaign promised future arms shipments in return for a delay in the release of the U.S. hostages. That statement is false. I point you to my statement of July 7 on *Face the Nation*:

> The allegations here are exceedingly serious: a fundamental abuse of our constitutional processes, how you make foreign policy. . . . An enormous amount of conflicting testimony. I think the Congress should go forward with some kind of an inquiry. President Reagan has said it quite accurately. He wants to clear the air. That's precisely what I think we ought to do. President Carter has said approximately the same thing.

It is correct that I have approached the idea of a Congressional investigation into the so-called October Surprise with caution. I commend Speaker Foley for his careful deliberation prior to his decision to create a task force to look into these allegations. However, it is a gross error to confuse caution with opposition. I strongly support the Speaker's decision to proceed with a task force, and I do not understand how Corn construes my clear, public statement to mean the opposite of what I said. *Lee H. Hamilton, chair, House Subcommittee on Europe and the Middle East*

CORN REPLIES

Washington

A politician's public utterances may sometimes be at odds with his behind-closed-doors actions. Several House aides privy to the discussions within the Democratic House leadership reported that Hamilton was a foot-dragger who thought it better not to convene an all-out investigation of the October Surprise allegations. Chairman Hamilton maintains his caution was misread as opposition. I tried to reach him to ask about the conflict between his public position and the accounts I received from credible witnesses. I never heard back from Hamilton. Now the best evidence of Hamilton's commitment will be the job he does. *David Corn*

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EDITORIALS.

Movement Gap

Fear of nuclear annihilation drove the peace movement as it has driven the arms racers since the start of the cold war. It is true that those who ordered stock for the atomic arsenal had other motives as well, such as the proliferation of profits for shareholders in the military/corporate complex. But then the peace partisans had an economic agenda too, namely the conversion of nuclear weapons budgets into public investment accounts: MIRVs into housing projects.

The sudden reduction of fear, occasioned by President Gorbachev's withdrawal from the superpower arms race, the dissolution of the Warsaw Pact and the collapse of the Soviet economy, has already forced previously unthinkable changes of habit and policy in the warmaking camp. Not only have nuclear reduction treaties been signed after years of desultory negotiations but President Bush has made the decision to pull U.S. tactical nukes out of Europe *unilaterally*, a move that would have been thought treasonous only a few years or even months before. The content of Bush's plan was definitely not as big a deal as he claimed, and the effect on U.S. aggressive potential minimal, but the procedure—unilateralism—was unprecedented in post-World War II policy on the "Western" side. (How these compass-point ad-

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jectives have lost meaning in recent days!)

It used to be that only radicals and dangerous progressives sought cuts in what is still euphemistically called defense spending. When Jesse Jackson proposed a 25 percent reduction in the Pentagon appropriation in his 1984 campaign, he was essentially read out of the Democratic Party. He softened his proposal to 20 percent in 1988, just to stay on the edge of the mainstream. But now Defense Secretary Cheney is throwing around numbers like 35 percent over five years, Senator Tom Harkin is calling for deeper cuts, in his current campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination, and the arms race has suddenly become an arms cost-reduction race.

And just when it should have had its moment of triumph, the peace movement is feeble and wan. "There *is* no peace movement," one of the most effective movers and shakers of the antinuclear campaigns of the 1980s said dispiritedly last month. "There's just a bunch of people who are still interested in the issues." Those issues are nonproliferation, the unabated buildup of U.S. R&D, a ban on nuclear testing (the Russians are already observing a unilateral moratorium), the denuclearization of vast regions of the world and the conversion of swords into plowshares—or at least bombs into infrastructure.

The dozens of peace groups active over the past decade, at the time of the great June 12 antinuclear rally in Central Park and the struggles against the placement of the Euromissiles, have shrunk to only a few, and even those cannot claim mass grass-roots constituencies. The professional activists and committed volunteers who research and lobby find that there are no obvious targets for popular organizing. Not many march against R&D or rally for Baltic nonproliferation. For too long the movements held up particular weapons or systems—the B-1, Star Wars, Pershing missiles—as the symbols of military madness, but after these were deployed or delayed or even killed, enthusiasm quickly subsided. And for the most part the demonstrators and local organizers and student activists were out of touch with the crises of class, race and social decay that affected the most potentially powerful sectors of change in the country. When war really came—in Panama and then in the Persian Gulf—the peace movement had neither a program nor a solid base to make a dent in the Pentagon's plans for battle. It was a profoundly depressing failure.

Perhaps because its adherents in the policy classes were too close to power, too much concerned with validation from those they criticized, the peace movement never struck the system of militarism at its roots. Most groups were too timid to demand the kind of unilateral action that Khrushchev and Gorbachev tried and that Bush, of all people, ultimately took. Hardly anyone dared to organize around the destruction of the system that Eisenhower named. Then, when the easy targets moved out of the cross-hairs, there was nothing but blankness at which to aim.

Such debilitating contradictions suggest their own remedies. If a movement against militarism is to make any progress in the foreseeable future, it has to broaden both its sights and its support. It is no longer possible to gather an effective following simply by opposing a weapon, and it never was possible to redirect national economic priorities without building a movement that truly represents those most immediately and severely affected by the unjust and undemocratic distribution of the nation's material and human resources. A movement that was born of a fear of destruction will be reborn only by acting on a commitment to change.

Women Scorned

She's a spurned woman. No, a lesbian. She's the naïve dupe of left-wing "interest groups." No, a female Iago bringing down a noble black man out of sheer spite. She's emotionally unstable. No, she's too calm and collected. She wanted anonymity—obviously, she has something to hide. She came forward—obviously, she wants money, fame, a book contract. Male and female, black and white, Americans could believe anything of Anita Hill, it seems, except that she was telling the truth about what Clarence Thomas did and said to her when she worked for him at the Department of Education and the E.E.O.C. Forced to choose between a woman who had nothing to gain and a man who had everything to lose, a woman with a reputation for probity and a man who is a demonstrable hypocrite, a man who says he has never discussed *Roe v. Wade* with anyone on earth and who claims not to have written, intended or possibly even understood the ideas and opinions published under his name, most people found him the more believable. Is it any wonder women are reluctant to bring harassment charges against men? In countries governed by Islamic fundamentalists the testimony of a woman is officially given half the legal weight as that of a man. We've come a long way, baby, haven't we?

Now the psychodrama is over. Her four impeccable, sober witnesses versus his panel of office harpies. John Doggett, the walking personification of male vanity, insinuating that Anita Hill is still thinking about him ten years after he stood her up for dinner. Alan Simpson with his McCarthyite allusions to evidence he never reveals. Orrin Hatch with his quotes from *The Exorcist*. Howard Metzenbaum fumfering on about leaks, while his fellow Democrats, again and again, seemed to forget where they were and which side they were supposed to be on.

Clarence Thomas is our new Supreme Court Justice, and we are left with the hard realities of power politics—the ball the Republicans never, for a moment, lost sight of, the ball the image-obsessed Democrats dropped when it was, for a moment, in their hands. The women who pooh-poohed Anita Hill will soon get their thank-you note: the reversal of *Roe v. Wade*. The African-American majority who supported Thomas on racial grounds will get their thank-you note as well: a black hand, rather than a white one, penning the decisions abolishing the civil rights revolution.

Look on the bright side, women are being told. On PBS, Catharine MacKinnon took comfort from polls showing that 24 percent of Americans believed Anita Hill; ten years ago, it would have been zero. Finally, the sea change in gender relations has lapped at the halls of power, and the 98 percent male composition of the Senate has been shown, decisively, to have real consequences. It's a good thing, I suppose, that senators of all political stripes felt compelled to recognize and decry the

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everyday sexual humiliation of working women. But mostly it was just theater, hard-boiled men pretending to be shocked by words like "penis" and "pubic hair." These are the same men who have exempted themselves from civil rights and sexual harassment regulations, and who can't get it together to pass civil rights legislation over President Bush's veto. They may condemn sexual harassment, but they don't care about it, and they don't understand it. As the time to vote on Thomas's confirmation drew near, senator after senator professed himself baffled that a woman would put up with demeaning remarks in order to keep her career on track, as if they themselves would never kowtow to, say, the gun lobby, or swallow their pride before a hated committee chairman.

The Op-Ed pages are full of sexual harassment now—outraged essays by women, balanced with jocular essays by men who wonder how they'll dare, now, to ask out a co-worker without Long Dong Silver as an icebreaker. But this is more theater, more psychodrama. The real story on sexual harassment is this: On the same day that *The New York Times* reported Thomas's confirmation it also reported that California Governor Pete Wilson vetoed a bill that would have made it easier for victims of job discrimination—including sexual harassment—to sue for damages.

The political lesson of the Thomas confirmation goes way beyond the obvious fact that powerful men see the world differently from powerless women and should not be running the country like a frat house. Of course, we need more women in government. Of course, women ought to demand more of politicians who seek their vote. We do indeed need to rethink the lesser-of-two-evils philosophy that has brought to the Senate liberals like Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who benignly neglects all the reproductive-rights legislation currently languishing in Congress and who kept his office phones off the hook all weekend while he worked up his courage to vote against Thomas. And while we're at it, we need to rethink the never-mind-his-private-life philosophy too. The end result of that bit of fake pragmatism was Teddy Kennedy deliquescing into his chair as the hearings rolled on around him, reduced to virtual silence by his scandalous history, now capped by the supreme irony that his nephew's lawyers are currently using the same mudslinging tactics against the Palm Beach woman that Hatch and Simpson were using against Anita Hill.

But we also need to be on our guard against the assumption that more women in Congress means more feminism. Nancy Landon Kassebaum—half the women in the Senate—voted for Thomas. Yes, seven Congresswomen marched over to the Senate to convey their outrage at the Judiciary Committee's indifference to Anita Hill's charges at the time of the original hearings. But twenty-two stayed in their seats.

The real lesson, it seems to me, is that the Democratic Party is neither able nor willing to mount an effective opposition to the ongoing right-wing revolution. It's too compromised, too timid, too incompetent, too obsessed with courting the mythical center—too vested, in the end, in phony bipartisan statesmanship to do more than offer, in effect, a slow-motion version of the Reagan-Bush agenda. The men who rise to power through the Democratic Party will never be the means by which changing social relations between the sexes can enter the political process in a real way.

But it's too easy to rail at Congress. It may not be quite true that you get the government you deserve, but it's true enough. We need to elect more feminists and to refuse to vote for anyone, male or female, who does not embrace the expansion of our rights and only promises to delay their demise. We also need to create a militant movement outside the realm of representative politics. That is what AIDS activists have done. If ACT UP can force the F.D.A. to change its drug protocols, women can force change through action. One-third of women sexually harassed at work? We can clog the courts with cases, we can confront harassers at the workplace as a group, we can boycott and take to the streets. We can picket hospitals that refuse to perform abortions—as 90 percent of them now do.

Of course, ACT UP activists are fighting for their lives. They don't have much time. Women and the men who care about them need to realize that we don't have much time either.

KATHA POLLITT

NATION NOTES

Attention advertisers! Students of our masthead will note that Ellen Jarvis, who comes to us from *Newsday* by way of *The Harvard Business Review* and *National Geographic*, is our new advertising director. Ellen arrived just in time to take ads for our Fall Books issue, which goes to press on October 31. Chris Calhoun, who presided over unprecedented, not to mention countercyclical, advertising growth, has defected to the Sterling Lord Literistic Agency (attention author!) but will continue to lend Ellen a hand as we head into the future. Hail and not quite farewell. Peter Meyer, who first appeared in our office as an intern in 1982 and worked his way up from Ham Fish's man Friday to special projects and publicity director, is moving to The Nation Institute, where he is acting as executive director. Peter's publicity duties will be taken on by Andrew Shapiro, also a former *Nation* intern.

★

A SENATOR AND A TOP AIDE DISCUSS THE ISSUE OF SEXUAL HARASSMENT

The senator (distinguished, Romanesque)
Assures his aide (quite bright, and statuesque)
Harassment's truly dreadful, just grotesque.
He speaks while chasing her around the desk.

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Interesting how self-pity is becoming the predominant tone among the conservatives. The neocons, faced at last with the indictment of Elliott Abrams (or Mr. Kenilworth, as he preferred to be known when on money-laundering business), continue to grizzle about persecution and the cost in dollars of special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh's investigation, and are unwilling to concede that money could have been saved by old Kenilworth fessing up a lot sooner than he did. Clarence ("Bitch set me up") Thomas, naturally a bit stunned to have his theoretical dong handled in public by Joe Biden and Strom Thurmond, called it worse than a Klan raid and the toughest experience of his life as a black man.

Coincidentally, the Heritage Foundation journal *Policy Review* chose this month to reprint Judge Thomas's 1987 address "The Loneliness of the Black Conservative." In that speech, which was as turgid and clumsy as the judge's testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee, he recalled an earlier bad moment in his luster-free career:

> During my first year in the Reagan administration, it was clear that the honeymoon was over. The emphasis in the area of civil rights and social policies was decidedly negative. . . . The winds were not taken out of our sails until early 1982 when we changed positions in the Supreme Court to support a tax exemption for Bob Jones University which had been previously challenged because of certain racial policies. Although the point being made in the argument that the administrative and regulatory arm of government should not make policies through regulation was a valid point, it was *lost in the overall perception that the racial policies of Bob Jones University were being defended.* [Emphasis added.]

Our old friend "perception" again. As you will remember, the racist practices of this tenth-rate degree mill *were* being defended. Other "perceptions" proved similarly correct in the matter of the Voting Rights Act and, until an unmanageable and magnificent alteration in public opinion, in the matter of South Africa too. If Thomas thinks his Supreme Court nomination hearing was more humiliating than being a part of Reagan's civil rights counterrevolution, that's all I want to know. On the first day of the hearings, he fatuously said that allegations like Professor Hill's were part of "a high-tech lynching for uppity blacks who in any way deign to think for themselves." Uppity? Clarence Thomas? It's too late for him to borrow the imagery of a movement of which he was never a part, and whose attainments he sought to belittle. And what's more worrying—that the judge doesn't know the meaning of the word "deign," or that maybe he does? This will be the first lynching in American history to have ended with the victim holding a lifetime tenure in black robes on the highest court in the land.

During the days of Thomas's yeoman service in the early Reagan bureaucracy, I had a television debate on the subject of apartheid with his young co-thinker and friend William Keyes. Keyes had also been a part of the black conservative milieu grouped around the Heritage Foundation, and at the time of our meeting was being paid a fabulous sum by a South African lobbying firm. I opened mildly by saying that the South African regime could easily prove its legitimacy by releasing Nelson Mandela and holding an election. Keyes replied that to call for the release of Nelson Mandela was like calling for the release of Charles Manson. I remember thinking, You poor little ratbag, don't you realize that they're *laughing* at you?

Is it too imaginative to speculate on the psychic wounds that have been inflicted on black reactionaries? Look at the wretched figure of James Meredith, for instance, hired on as the first African-American aide to Jesse Helms's personal staff. Hired because he was a loudmouth racial separatist—the Helms people, I can assure you from private conversations, certainly saw the joke even if he didn't—and finally "let go" because he was an embarrassment. Given free rein for his twisted views in papers like *The Washington Times* and used as a disposable tool in the battle against the left and the civil rights leadership. Now making television commercials for David Duke. There should be no forgiving forgetfulness of the humiliations visited by the New Right on its black puppets. The nomination of poor, stupid Clarence to the Court came from the same mind as conjured Willie Horton.

In his 1987 talk Thomas hinted at what he must have gone through to attain what he now openly describes as the proudest moment of his life—lunch at Kennebunkport with George Bush! The piercing pity that one feels is reinforced by his earlier reflection, which he has no doubt buried as deep as he can:

> It often seemed that to be accepted within the conservative ranks and to be treated with some degree of acceptance, a black was required to become a caricature of sorts, providing sideshows of anti-black quips and attacks.

You don't even want to think about the occasions—the shit-eating grins and forced bonhomie—that poor, stupid Clarence is remembering here. Perhaps he, too, was called "Mr. Mayor" and had to smile. Just reflect on what it takes to have been a sympathizer of Louis Farrakhan's "self help" *and* Ronald Reagan's version of "color blindness."

But at least poor, stupid Clarence's massas have stuck by him in his tribulation. What about the friends of Mr. Kenilworth? The whole boast of Norman Podhoretz, Charles Krauthammer, Midge Decter and the rest of the *Commentary/National Interest* crew was that their ideas and people really *mattered* in the Reagan revolution. Irving Kristol used to discourse about the shock of recognition when Jewish intellectuals at last met Republican businessmen and found that they could *do* things for each other. Hence, at least in part, the pathetic yearning for acceptance that is inscribed in Elliott Abrams's choice of a *nom de guerre*. Now he's deserted by his pal *and* his patron. If the President was asked what he thought of the plea bargain of one of his former hit men, I didn't read the answer. No doubt the White House spin doctors think it clever that the exposure of one of their *Judenrat* was obscured by the humiliation of their houseboy.

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WATCHING RIGHTS.

ARYEH NEIER

For many who dealt with Elliott Abrams as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and, subsequently, as Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, it is difficult to avoid a sense of satisfaction over his plea of guilty to two misdemeanor counts of withholding information from Congress. After all, deception was at the core of Abrams's performance.

When Abrams was appointed to the human rights post in 1981, he articulated to me the rationale for what became his *modus operandi*. I had visited him to discuss how he would approach his duties. My most urgent advice was that he should never make the Human Rights Bureau an apologist for abuses of human rights. I did not expect him to denounce abuses publicly when the Administration he served had fixed on a different course; that role would be undertaken by nongovernment human rights groups. What I did expect was that he vigorously advocate human rights in the formulation of policy and, when he could not denounce abuses, that he maintain public silence. Abrams disagreed sharply. That had been the approach of his predecessor, Patricia Derian. As a consequence, Abrams claimed, Derian—whose name he could hardly say without a sneer—had lacked influence in the Carter Administration. As a team player, he would make the bureau more influential and the cause of human rights would be better served.

In this respect Abrams was true to his word. He became the fiercest defender of torturers and murderers whenever the Reagan Administration aligned itself with their kind. The Human Rights Bureau was transformed into an agency that attacked advocates of human rights who presented information at odds with the picture the Administration was painting. The method was to deny that abuses had occurred or to attribute them to someone other than the authorities supported by the United States, and to claim that anyone suggesting the contrary was a dupe of leftist forces.

Of the many dealings I had with Abrams in those years—long after the point when I would have been welcome to sit in his office—two episodes are emblematic of his style.

In February 1985 I debated Abrams on the subject of human rights in El Salvador on *Nightline*. I mentioned two massacres by the army during the previous year and pointed out that neither had been mentioned in the State Department country report. The transcript records the following exchange:

> TED KOPPEL: Secretary Abrams, why was neither of those incidents reported?
> ABRAMS: Because neither of them happened. Because it is a tactic of the guerrillas every time there is a battle, and a significant number of people are killed, to say that they're all victims of human rights abuses.
> NEIER: That's why *The New York Times*——
> ABRAMS: Ted, there's one very important point here.
> NEIER: and *The Boston Globe* and *The Miami Herald* and *The Christian Science Monitor* and Reuters and all the other reporters who went to the scene and looked at what took place, they were simply being propagandists for the guerrillas? Is that right?
> ABRAMS: I'm telling you that there were no significant—there were no massacres in El Salvador in 1984.

Abrams added that the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador had investigated the alleged massacres and had disproved the claims. I disputed this. After the program, a check with the Embassy confirmed that no such investigations had taken place. Both massacres had occurred when army troops invaded territory controlled by the F.M.L.N. guerrillas and slaughtered peasants thought to be their supporters. As Abrams must have known, U.S. embassies do not send their personnel into territory where they would be endangered. Human rights monitors and journalists had conducted on-site investigations, however, and had documented the massacres.

Exposing Abrams's lies was a means to focus attention on abuses that otherwise went unnoticed.

The second episode began in June 1986, when a colleague with whom I was visiting Guatemala, anthropologist Beatriz Manz, witnessed the execution-style murder of a young man on a busy street in the center of the capital. Manz discovered the man's identity, attended the funeral, spoke to the family, visited police headquarters to discuss the case and, on July 14, published an Op-Ed article on the case in *The New York Times*. The murder had not been reported in the Guatemalan press, she noted. Since U.S. statistics on political murders in Guatemala were based on press reports, and since the Administration was then claiming a decline in political violence to persuade Congress to authorize military assistance to Guatemala, the validity of the statistics was crucial. If a daylight murder in a city street was left out, what were the chances that the statistics included killings in remote highland villages?

Abrams wrote a letter to the *Times* asserting that "despite Ms. Manz's claims to the contrary, the murder was reported in the Guatemala press." I wrote to Abrams asking for a copy of the press report we had missed. No response. Eventually, the story emerged. There had been no report, only an advertisement placed by the family announcing the time and place of the funeral. Nothing about the manner of death appeared in the funeral notice and, of course, it was not included in U.S. tabulations of political killings.

Ironically, Abrams's effect on the human rights cause was not entirely baneful. By constantly challenging human rights groups on the facts, he forced the movement to take ever greater care in getting the story right. Moreover, exposing his lies became a means of focusing attention on abuses that otherwise went unnoticed. By personifying the villainy of the Reagan Administration and attracting fire, Abrams unintentionally facilitated some efforts by advocates of human rights. Still, he is not missed, and I have heard no expressions of regret over his downfall. He got the least that was coming to him.

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ARTICLES.

FOOTLOOSE CORPORATIONS

The Downside Of 'Development'

ANDREW COHEN

Rocky Mount, North Carolina

A short stretch of storefront churches and barber shops runs along the train tracks here, past Pete and Steve's Doggie Baths on the corner, just up the street from the Piggly Wiggly. The motel stationery calls this "uptown" Rocky Mount; there's no one in sight. The highway and the new shopping center are "downtown," along with the big manufacturing plants, the broad-lawned houses and most of the jobs that came with North Carolina's Sunbelt boom.

The dividing line is the train tracks, here and across the state. Rocky Mount's downtown end is part of Nash County, which managed to keep pace with the Sunbelt development boom despite the closing of the Schlage Lock Company in 1988. Most of the 683 lock assemblers who were laid off when Schlage moved to Mexico live "uptown," across the tracks in Edgecombe County. The railroad tracks mark a starker boundary in Moore County to the west, where beside thirty-six luxury golf courses, families live in rusted zinc-roofed shacks. Even in your golf cart you can smell the trash fires burning, since there's no garbage pickup in the county's "extraterritorial jurisdictions," no sewers or electricity, and no running water. Many of the people who live in those communities work for Proctor Silex, whose parent company, NACCO Industries, intends to move the assembly lines to Mexico by the end of the year, stranding 800 workers.

Moore County had paid for Proctor Silex's sewers and water hookups, and had financed a $5.5 million industrial revenue bond a few years ago so that Proctor could expand one of the plants it's leaving. Within spitting range of that plant—and in the shadow of a water tower—is a community that's been trying for years to get tap water and other rudimentary services from the county.

North Carolina has the highest level of manufacturing employment in the country, and now vies for the highest number of plant closings. Because of the fast pace of Sunbelt development, the manufacturing slump isn't obvious, but its consequences have been getting clearer across the state. The rural communities of the black belt have been hit the hardest; the South as a whole has lost hundreds of thousands of jobs in the past ten years, mainly in the tobacco, textile and apparel industries. Large manufacturers that fled the unionized Northeast in the 1960s and 1970s are running down the ratlines to northern Mexico, where hourly wages are kept at around $1 and recent tariff laws allow duty-free foreign assembly. As labor-intensive industry declines in the South, and a free-trade agreement with Mexico approaches to hasten the flight, the uneven social costs of North Carolina's development strategies are becoming harder to ignore.

Like many Southern states, North Carolina successfully enticed businesses from the North with fat tax breaks, land-be-damned development schemes, "right to work" laws and averted-gaze regulatory policies. A City Councilman from Hot Springs, North Carolina, told *The New York Times* in 1985, "We just want investors to know that if they come in and develop this town, we'll roll over backwards. There isn't anything short of illegal we won't do to help them." North Carolina boasts manufacturing wages that are among the nation's lowest, and with only 4.5 percent of its manufacturing work force unionized, has just about the fewest work stoppages of any state. By the mid-1980s it contained sixty-six of America's seventy-five most industrialized counties and sixty-one of its seventy-five poorest. Since then the state has opened enterprise offices in Japan and Germany, the luxury golf courses have multiplied and in the Research Triangle area, especially, the cubic density of Ph.D.s is on the rise. But now North Carolina is ironically falling victim to the logic of its own development, becoming a stopping point on the road to an even less demanding, lower-wage labor market farther south.

NACCO decided to move Proctor Silex to Mexico this spring; Proctor itself had just been merged with Hamilton Beach Products, which NACCO acquired last year. When I visited the Proctor plant in late summer, iron and popcorn-popper parts bound for Ciudad Juárez were being loaded into a truck trailer labeled "Hamilton Beach—Buy American." Proctor was the county's largest manufacturer until the mass layoff. The jobs will go to the heart of Mexico's *maquiladora* belt, where over the past decade some 1,800 factories, mostly U.S.-owned, have attracted 500,000 workers. NACCO isn't offering any severance pay or extended insurance benefits.

"People develop during struggle, and these folks are developing pretty rapidly," says the Rev. Thelma Martin, who worked for Proctor twenty-one years. Martin began to rally her co-workers this spring with the help of Jesse Wimberley, an organizer with the Moore County branch of North Carolina's Piedmont Peace Project. (Martin had joined P.P.P. during the Persian Gulf war, after which many Proctor workers saw family members on reserve call-up come home to pink slips.) She and Wimberley organized a workers' steering committee that drafted a list of demands and held public hearings.

They drew some measure of optimism from the experience of the Schlage Lock workers before them. By addressing broad issues of social fairness, the Schlage Workers for Justice had mobilized community support in a way that drew the interest of Southern union organizers. The Schlage campaign won Trade Readjustment Act benefits from the federal government, and severance pay and health screenings from Schlage's parent company, Ingersoll-Rand. Ingersoll even agreed to pay for a cleanup after the Environmental Protection Agency dis-

Andrew Cohen, a writer and painter, is researching a documentary film on sex, art and censorship.

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covered several hundred barrels of toxic sludge in the Rocky Mount plant. But that was three years ago—eons in the accelerated tempo of the "boom" economy. Despite community support, press attention, protests and their own environmental hook—during the hearings one employee revealed he'd buried drums of toxic waste under what later became the county-financed plant addition—the Proctor workers have come up dry.

Moore County dignitaries expressed regret about the pullout but offered little support. North Carolina's federal dislocated-worker assistance funds are exhausted in any case. Charles Hayes, president of the privately owned Moore County Economic Development Corporation, told the workers and the press to give it up: "Proctor Silex is gone."

I called Hayes to find out if he worried that other manufacturers would pack their bags after the free-trade agreement with Mexico is signed. He said, "Well, yes and no. Quite frankly, I welcome the competition—we have to adapt. You just watch the next twenty years, the generation that quote-unquote lost Vietnam. . . . There's going to be a remarkable resurgence in this nation like you haven't seen. Good gracious, I'm excited."

Hayes expects that Moore County's economic growth will make up for the lost jobs. The North Carolina Department of Commerce claims the state has garnered $46 billion in business investment and 420,000 new jobs in the past decade. It's still growing. Statistical boosterism doesn't tell the whole story, though; 23,500 manufacturing jobs were lost in 1985 alone, at the height of the boom.

Women and minorities have been affected disproportionately, since they are concentrated in the low-wage industrial sector. At Proctor Silex 90 percent of the workers are women, and three-quarters of them are black or Lumbee Indian. In Rocky Mount, three-quarters of the former Schlage Lock workers are women and fewer than 20 percent are white. Many of them are single mothers who went sixteen or twenty months looking for work after they were laid off.

Statewide, there has been a net increase in the number of jobs, but a good portion of them pay less than $7,000 a year, as a Congressional Joint Economic Council survey showed in 1985. Most are service-sector jobs, concentrated in or near large cities in predominantly white neighborhoods. The average Proctor Silex worker has thirteen years' seniority and a family, which a burger-flipping job won't feed. Sunbelt-style "community development" offers her a job as a golf caddy.

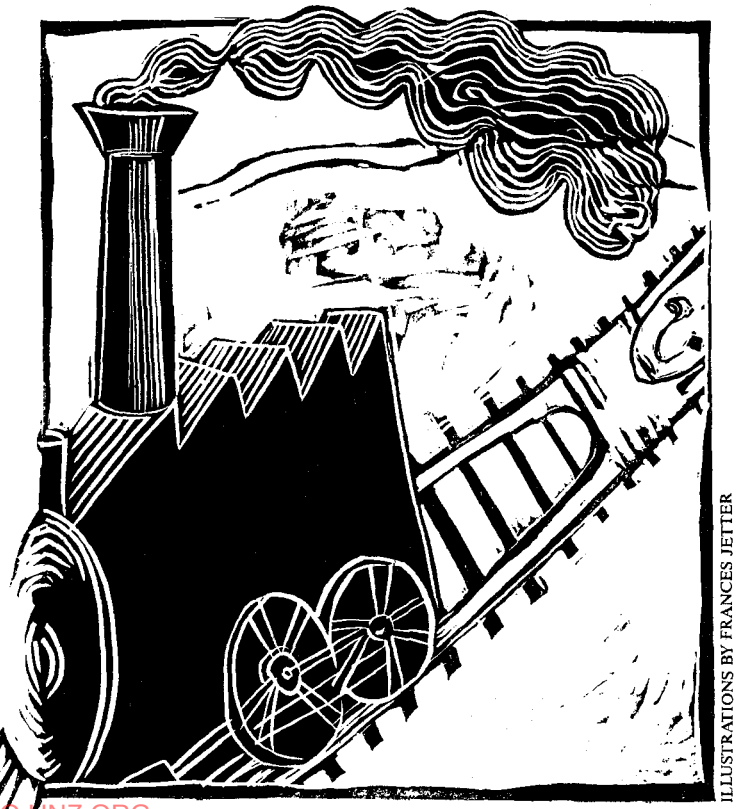
Despite the upbeat predictions, North Carolina's boosters have got to be anxious. According to estimates drawn up by the Midwest Center for Labor Research, Moore County will lose more than $10 million in tax revenues and productivity in the wake of the Proctor Silex move. As the Northern branch plants head farther south and the footloose microchip manufacturers come and go, the boosters have gone from bring-in-the-New-South handwaving to white-knuckled comparisons with Mexico. North Carolina doesn't even have standard clauses in its industrial revenue bond agreements that prevent multinational corporations like Proctor Silex and Ingersoll-Rand from milking the public purse and absconding. Community investment requirements are unheard of, and behind-closed-doors development planning is the rule. If the environment and workplace safety are indicators, the state can roll over backward only so much longer before it's prostrate.

North Carolina has twenty-two of the E.P.A.'s National Priority Superfund sites, as well as hundreds of local toxic trouble spots, most of which can be found on the poor side of town. A study by the United Church of Christ concluded that "race is the most significant factor" in the distribution of uncontrolled toxic sites in Southern counties. Ted Outwater of the Clean Water Fund of North Carolina explains that the state department for environmental protection is ineffective partly because it is "vastly underfunded."

He reviewed the tests that the agency conducted at Proctor Silex two years ago and was alarmed to find that they indicated high levels of poisonous solvents and cancer-causing hydrocarbons, as well as cyanide, chromium and lead. The investigators left the partially buried waste barrels they sampled right where they found them, next to the Proctor water-discharge outlet.

The state E.P.A. alerted Proctor to the contamination in 1989, but nobody told the residents, who drink well water less than half a mile from a hazardous waste pit. The company disclaims responsibility for the cleanup, even though NACCO's board boasts prominent establishment environmentalists [see Alexander Cockburn, "Beat the Devil," June 10.]

When the Proctor site went onto the state Superfund list in 1980, the press failed to notice it amid the 850 other sites, and lately neither the company nor the state E.P.A. has made much noise. Often community organizations press for attention, as they did in Shiloh, where one resident found out that the state E.P.A. had produced a book about her pond, which was polluted with record-breaking levels of dioxin. She and her family lived behind the Beazer Company wood treatment



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCES JETTER

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plant and had been eating fish from the pond for years.

Just as the environment has been a casualty of profit-driven development and de facto deregulation, so has working people's health. The state's Labor Commissioner, John Brooks, points out that North Carolina's Occupational Safety and Health Department has only fifty-eight "enforcement personnel" for 180,000 workplaces, less than half the federal standard. The consequences of such neglect were dramatically spelled out on September 3 at the Imperial Foods Plant in Hamlet, North Carolina, where twenty-five workers died in a fire because the escape doors were locked. Over more than twenty years, OSHA has never conducted a full health inspection of the Proctor Silex plant. In the few days that I was there workers complained of heat prostration, poor protective gear and chemical exposure.

They showed me a list of more than forty workers who've died of cancer in the past ten years, and twelve who are still working despite the disease. Ray Brown lost his best friend last year, and now his wife is incapacitated. Wilbur Ingram has throat cancer but he still works "stretch-out" shifts. His insurance benefits expire on midnight of the date of his final layoff notice.

The former Schlage workers face similar problems. Many of them have chronic respiratory and sinus ailments. According to Schlage Workers for Justice, twenty-six workers have died of cancer over the past eight years. I spoke to others who are sick. Many couldn't afford medical insurance premiums after their company benefits expired, and many who found new jobs were fired after they took sick leave. Union organizers here, fighting for the shops' and the state's recognition, feel their effort is all-or-nothing—that it cannot succeed without also being a struggle for social justice and equality. Some workers I spoke to were nevertheless ambivalent, or vehemently against organizing, and one woman, despite her illness and her feeling that it might be related to her job, thought the Schlage protests were "foolish," that the time was better spent looking for work. And yet, she said, "*I* quit, I found a job, but now so much is wrong with me it's pathetic. I've got multiple bone carcinoma, my kidneys failed and I've got gallstones. But my heart's so weak they don't dare operate."

In Moore County a metal caster who worked for Proctor Silex told me, "You put a union in there and they'll put padlocks on the door that much sooner." The unions must fight the myth of an intrinsically anti-union South and at the same time pursue eight-hour days and employee benefits and resist subsistence wages, pay cuts and plant closings. The demands motivating the textile workers in Kannapolis, organized by the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, mirror the demands they made in 1934, when the National Guard was called in to break a strike [see Nancy Peckenham, "Out in the Cold at Cannon Mills," September 16]. Now the takeback is in dollars, not cents, though the stretch-out shifts and the retributive firings persist, made cost-effective by the glacial workings of the National Labor Relations Board, which won't allow a union certification election to go ahead while it considers an unfair labor practice claim.

The trade unions that have been so wary of the South are needed, but so are new approaches, says Ashaki Binta of Black Workers for Justice. For B.W.F.J., the Piedmont Peace Project and groups like Southerners for Economic Justice, multi-issue, multiracial community struggles are the way to organize the South. Small-scale labor and community struggles can be only so effective against mergers, the consolidation of multinational capital and statewide roll-over-backward development plans. However, the first great obstacle isn't free trade or Taft-Hartley but fear. As a garment workers' organizer explains it to me at the Black Workers for Justice Freedom Center here in Rocky Mount, "We're up against the man."

"There are three hundred workers at my plant," she says. "How many of us do you see at the center? Three. The rest are afraid of losing their jobs. But I tell you, I have no job, that's the man's job—I just work. If it was mine, I'm supposed to keep it, and you cannot keep it, baby, he take it right away." □

THE P.N.C.'S DILEMMA

Palestinians Look For a Way In

PHYLLIS BENNIS

Algiers

Three years ago, impromptu *dabka* dancing and women's excited trilling greeted the announcement of Palestinian concessions far more extensive than those agreed on at the recently concluded 1991 meeting of the Palestine National Council. Three years ago, with the power of the *intifada*, then at its height of prestige and international influence, behind it, the Palestine Liberation Organization's peace initiative accepted the two-state solution, giving up its rights to almost 80 percent of historic Palestine. This concession was viewed then as a positive one, a realistic choice growing out of strength and a recognized centrality in regional and international politics.

This time around, in the same conference hall in Algiers, the mood among delegates of the P.L.O.'s highest decision-making body, its parliament in exile, was much more sober and subdued. This time, there were no illusions that world opinion was on the side of Palestinian national rights. The gulf war had come and gone, the P.L.O. was on the sidelines of regional decision making and had lost much of its political capital in the Arab world, Palestinians in the occupied territories faced dire economic straits and the *intifada* was in trouble. This time, P.N.C. options were shaped by the politics of constraint, not of power.

P.L.O. Chairman Yasir Arafat set the tone for the whole proceeding in his opening speech, in which he listed the principles that "are the essence of peace in the Middle East and are the essence of a just solution of the Palestinian cause." For President Bush's proposed peace conference to be credible,

Phyllis Bennis, who covers the Middle East and the United Nations for Pacifica Radio, is co-editor of Beyond the Storm: A Gulf Crisis Reader, *just published by Interlink.*

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he said, it must embody the international consensus supporting Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories, the Palestinians' right of return to their homeland and an end to Israeli settlements. It was an indication of the Palestinians' marginalization that even these ostensible points of international agreement remain so tantalizingly out of reach.

The immediate task on the agenda was that of crafting a Palestinian response to the prospect of a U.S.-sponsored peace conference to which the P.L.O. was not officially invited. Despite Secretary of State James Baker's ongoing meetings with Palestinian leaders Hanan Ashrawi and Faisal Husseini, the United States shares Israel's insistence that the P.L.O. be excluded from the talks. How to balance this delicate asymmetry of behind-the-scenes presence and center-stage absence absorbed the 335 delegates through five days of debate. It was a daunting prospect. "We want the peace of the brave," the P.L.O. Chairman thundered from the rostrum, "not surrender."

So the P.N.C. walked a tightrope between its desire to participate in, or at least have a presence at, the peace conference, and its realization that P.L.O. options were severely limited. The council's final declaration insists on "the right of the P.L.O. . . . to form the Palestinian delegation from in- and outside the homeland, including Jerusalem." It was understood, however, that those P.L.O.-selected representatives would be likely to serve in a joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation, which is what Washington is looking for. Furthermore, the declaration made no mention of an official P.L.O. presence within the delegation, only that the Palestinian representatives would be accountable to P.L.O. politics and leadership, not to the Jordanian authorities.

Arafat consistently tried to portray the planned conference in the best possible light. The day after the final P.N.C. declaration was signed, I asked him what he thought was the best result that could come out of it. "Independence!" he shouted with a grin. "No doubt of it, sooner or later." But in general, the urgency of figuring out a way of participating was motivated less by a belief that the U.S.-orchestrated extravaganza will actually further Palestine's national goals than by a sense that the price of missing the peace talks would be higher than that of attending them.

When I asked George Habash, influential head of the leftist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (P.F.L.P.), the same question, he answered, "When we are not treated as a people with the right of self-determination, liberty, having the right of a state, it will not work with us. We Palestinians feel we have the right to have our own flag, our own passports, our own seat in the United Nations—to have our own state. And this Bush does not offer."

Many P.N.C. delegates believed that at the peace conference Palestinian national rights were likely to be at best ignored, at worst trampled. Even Arafat's closest aides recognized the lack of real opportunity. Nabil Sha'ath, head of the P.N.C.'s Political Committee, said, "We are going into the conference with the hope of full sovereignty. But the bridge between our hopes and our expectations is our struggle."

Assessing how—and whether—participation in the peace talks would help reach those expectations was difficult.

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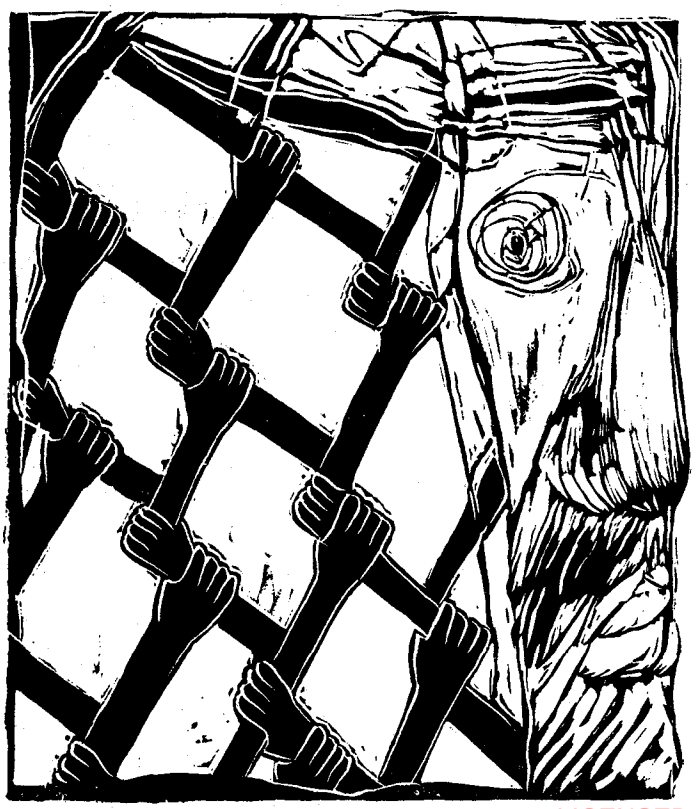
Daoud Talhami, an exhausted top assistant to Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine (D.F.L.P.) leader Nayef Hawatmeh, described the drafting committee's exacting process of hammering out a formula with not-quite preconditions but not-quite concessions. "Between the right political decision and catastrophe," he told me, "our way is very narrow."

Many speakers drew parallels between P.L.O. demands and Bush's March 6 statement calling for an exchange of land for peace, a peace conference based on U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338, and an end to the Arab-Israeli conflict. Yasir Abed-Rabbo, head of one wing of the D.F.L.P. and Arafat's representative to the now-suspended dialogue with the United States, said early in the Algiers meeting that "we are only asking for the Bush declaration of March as the same basis for negotiation." Arafat himself, pushed in a post-P.N.C. press conference to specify whether the P.L.O. would participate in the peace talks if Israeli settlements were not halted first, said, "We are not asking for the moon. The peace process has been based on President Bush's initiative, and this is what we are asking to be implemented."

The issue of settlements was a key component in the P.N.C. debate. Among the final declaration's "bases," the necessity of a settlement freeze before the conference convened was viewed by most P.L.O. officials as the critical test of U.S. seriousness. Nabil Sha'ath said, "I doubt if Arafat can go to the conference while settlement building is going on. . . . It is important for Arafat to be able to tell his people that the settlements have stopped." Even Nabil Amr, the P.L.O.'s Ambassador to Moscow, who reflected perhaps the most optimistic views of the conference and U.S. intentions, told me, "I cannot imagine participation in the conference going on without a settlement freeze."

But fear of participation in the conference absent a settlement freeze was evident among many P.L.O. members. For the P.F.L.P., for example, the insistence on a settlement freeze and the P.L.O.'s right to form its delegation along with other national principles made the final declaration something they could accept. But they were not happy about it, precisely because the declaration did not include those items as explicit preconditions, leaving the P.L.O. leadership free to interpret options as they wished. Speaking in the hallway outside the conference chamber at 2:30 A.M. just after the vote, George Habash expressed concern that the Executive Committee's fear of being excluded would lead to participation regardless of a freeze. "We are not satisfied," he said.



While the P.N.C. did not appropriate to itself the final decision on conference participation, neither did it give full power to the Arafat-dominated Executive Committee. Instead, it insured that committee power to decide on the peace talks would be "on condition that it refers the results to the [much broader] Central Council to adopt the final decision." For some, this was an indication that P.L.O. democracy had taken at least a small step toward limiting Arafat's enormous personal power in favor of a collective process.

Early in the P.N.C. meeting, hopes had risen for greater democracy in the P.L.O. when the election was held for P.N.C. chair. In what was widely viewed as a test of Arafat's support, his candidate, the incumbent Abdel Hamid Sayegh, received only 60 percent of the vote, far from the customary near-unanimity. Three challengers took the other 40 percent. However, these early indications were not borne out in practice; the new expanded Executive Committee did not reflect any difference in political orientation. (The removal of Abul Abbas, whose small faction was responsible for the Achille Lauro hijacking, was demanded by the United States as a condition for resuming its dialogue with the P.L.O. But his replacement by a top deputy is unlikely to have any serious political impact.) It is likely that further democratization would have been instituted if the 186 P.N.C. members living in the occupied territories had been present. Israel's refusal to grant them exit visas (not to mention criminalizing membership in the P.N.C.) meant the absence of those members whose experience with grass-roots organizing and accountability would have strengthened the push for more openness within the P.L.O.

So crucial decisions were still made not in the main meeting hall but in the "villas" of the surrounding Club des Pines compound—the small houses where P.L.O. leaders stayed throughout the days of the council. Sometimes it was even acknowledged. The drafting committee, which represented each political organization and tendency proportionately, spent hours delicately crafting language articulating the terms of Palestinian participation in the proposed peace conference. Once that draft was hammered out, however, it was sent not to the plenary but back to the villas, where the final version was rewritten by the leaders of the key P.L.O. factions.

Throughout the council meeting, though, discussion and disagreement were freewheeling and fearless. Especially by the constrictive standards of what passes for democracy in most of the Arab world, the P.L.O.'s open debate and freedom to challenge the leadership were impressive. The degree to which P.N.C. members took for granted the right to dissent provided

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a sharp illustration of one of the reasons most Arab leaders are anything but enthusiastic about the prospect of an independent Palestinian state.

Within the sometimes fractious debates, however, P.L.O. unity remained unchallenged. For example, when Arafat took the mike to berate the divided D.F.L.P. for allowing its internal split to divert the work of the council, he asked rhetorically, "What would you have me do, send missiles against Israel? I have no such weapons. The only weapon I have to send to our people living under the occupation is our unity." In a similar vein, when Habash was asked whether his organization would consider leaving because of differences over the peace talks, he responded, "Our withdrawal from the P.N.C. will not occur. Why? Because the P.N.C. is the Palestinian home."

The need for unity and flexibility in the face of international pressure was brought home by the clandestine arrival of West Bank leaders Hanan Ashrawi and Faisal Husseini to address the P.N.C. Their presence brought the reality of the *intifada* into the P.N.C. debate. The two emissaries, well known for their regular meetings with Baker, urged delegates not to lose the opportunity for a Palestinian presence at the peace talks. Their late-night appearance, in a conference hall cleared of journalists, served to bolster Arafat's effort to find a way to participate in the talks. It was said that even those P.L.O. leaders who maintained a dissenting view were moved, some to tears, by the appearance of Ashrawi and Husseini, who were embraced and kissed by the leaders and thanked for their work. The two were summoned by Israeli authorities for interrogation two days after they returned home and still face the prospect of arrest for violating Israel's "antiterrorism" laws.

Ashrawi and Husseini's appearance in Algiers sent perhaps an even more important message to Washington and Tel Aviv than to the P.N.C. delegates. Despite denials of the Algiers trip by the West Bank leaders themselves and by P.L.O. officials, the widely reported visit laid to rest any remaining claims that the P.L.O. could be separated from the legitimate leadership inside the occupied territories. But the secrecy of the visit and the absence of the full delegation from occupied Palestine reflected again the post-gulf war limits imposed on the P.L.O. The Palestinians have gone perhaps the last mile to find a seat at the peace conference table, while the other side continues settlements, expulsions, land confiscations, de facto annexation and an unapologetic rejectionism.

As we go to press, Baker is back in the Middle East following two days of Washington meetings with the Palestinian delegation. The prospects and terms of Palestinian participation in the peace talks remain uncertain, as Baker has accepted Israeli demands: that Palestinians attend only as part of a joint delegation with Jordan, that no Palestinian representative be linked to East Jerusalem and, crucially, that there be no U.S.-imposed preconference settlement freeze. He also refused any U.S. recognition of the Palestinians' right of self-determination. The *intifada* remains the reference point for Palestinian power, but political, diplomatic and economic pressure has not allowed the P.L.O. to reclaim fully the *intifada*'s initiative as its own. This time around, Palestinian policy will be determined by the harsh politics of constraint. □

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TOXIC BURN

Agent Orange's Forgotten Victims

LIANE CLORFENE CASTEN

Pretty Jacksonville, Arkansas. At first glance, the tall evergreens hide the toxic dumps, the abandoned Vertac chemical plant and the sewers that during heavy rains might belch forth another poisonous mixture into the streets. From the right angle they even hide the big white incinerator near the plant grounds. It sits in the very center of Jacksonville's residential district, half a mile from a hundred-bed hospital, a nursing home and a day-care center. When not stalled by technical malfunctions, it burns material contaminated at the Vertac site—the preliminary stage of a process intended to send thousands of barrels of 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D, components of Agent Orange, up in smoke. These have been stored since the end of the Vietnam War at the abandoned Vertac Chemical Corporation plant, one of three sites in the town on the Environmental Protection Agency's Superfund list and the locus of controversy in the town for twenty years [see Casten, "A Town Is Being Poisoned," March 19, 1988]. In the summer citizens lost a major legal challenge to stop the Agent Orange incineration; another has since been filed. But however the court may rule next time, "Jacksonville" is already shorthand for a number of phenomena, not least of which is the indifference of authority to the outcry of an endangered people.

Even before incineration was determined as the "cleanup" method for the Vertac wastes, the people of Jacksonville were heavily assaulted by years of exposure—through their drinking water, their food, the soil and the air—to a soup of toxic chemicals, including high concentrations of TCDD, the most lethal compound in the dioxin family. In addition to Agent Orange, more than 100 tanks and barrels at the Vertac site contain toluene (which may cause liver, kidney and central nervous system disorders), chlorophenols, benzene (causes leukemia), DDT, chlorobenzenes (cause depression of the central nervous system), lindane, heavy metals, Aldrin, dieldrin, chlordane and toxophene (causes cancer and breakdown of the immune system).

By now, no one knows for certain if a house or backyard isn't directly on top of a yet-to-be-identified toxic dump. Orangy-black oily substances appear on lawns, forming thick layers that dry into crunchy cakes. Other substances, these a rusty color that shimmer silver in the sun, ooze out over the curbstones on Rebel Drive. At the Pinewood Elementary School, a mile and a half east of the Vertac site, sinkholes release more ooze. Tested by the National Toxics Campaign last year, the Murrell Taylor Elementary School grounds were found to have high levels of arsenic and other heavy metals. The government's recent downgrading of dioxin's lethality has brought no comfort to the people of Jacksonville, as well it should not. Voluminous research documents reviewed by the Agent Orange Scientific Task Force, associated with various veterans' groups, have shown irrefutably that dioxin causes cancer, skin disorders and blood diseases in those exposed.* Incineration will only intensify the opportunities for exposure.

In the absence of any official government help, Mozelle Bergschneider surveyed her neighborhood herself. Within a four-block radius, fifty-four people had died since 1969, thirty-three of them from cancer. A University of Arkansas autopsy study on the tissue of Joseph Shelton, a Jacksonville infant who died suspiciously in 1985, found phenoxy-herbicides in the liver and kidney; shortly after, an independent lab report found "sky-high levels" of pentachlorophenol and triethylbenzene in the blood of Joseph's older brother, Jeffrey, who had gone into convulsions. The Centers for Disease Control will not test the residents, saying, "It will prove nothing useful."

In 1985 Bobbie Hollabaugh, 52-year-old wife of a retired sergeant who'd been stationed at nearby Little Rock Air Force Base, had a mastectomy. In 1990 her other breast was removed. There is no history of cancer in her family. She now works actively with People Against a Chemically Contaminated Environment (PACCE), wearing a black wig to cover the bald spots created by high doses of chemotherapy. Bobbie asked her oncologist if he would have her tissue tested for dioxin. "He just made fun of me," she said. The doctor, whom Bobbie would not identify, told her that "it would be expensive to run the tests, and, besides, it wouldn't do any good." In an aside, he also told her, "I asked an alderman in the town if he thought the town was safe. The alderman answered, 'No. All the meetings in the town [on incineration] are to pacify those against the burn. We've been told to burn.' "

According to Vertac, "The E.P.A. has designated incineration as the preferred method of disposal and proven the technology safe. Top-level contacts in Washington have already indicated that no exception will be made, even if we had another location and could transport the wastes." And this points to another phenomenon of which Jacksonville is a signal example: the promotion of incineration as the premier method of hazardous waste disposal.

Hugh Kaufman at the hazardous site control division of the E.P.A. is a maverick in an organization better known for its protection of business. He has called the town's situation pivotal. "If the Jacksonville burn occurs," he said, "it's going to give more impetus to burning toxic wastes on sites in populated areas, which is going to save the responsible parties a lot of money. If the Jacksonville plan is stopped, it will send a signal to the rest of the country that this is an unacceptable way of handling the problem."

At this point, only the last-ditch legal challenge might stop the burn in Jacksonville. As for the bigger picture, according to "Rachel's Hazardous Waste News," the E.P.A. is already forcing states to site ninety hazardous waste incinerators or

Liane Clorfene Casten is writing a book on Agent Orange and dioxin. She wishes to thank the Fund for Investigative Journalism for assistance toward researching this article.

* *The Nation* will carry more on this subject in a future issue.

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risk losing all Superfund aid for cleanup—in effect, holding them hostage. Why incineration? For one thing, it is virtually liability-free. And "waste management," of which incineration is a substantial part, has become a multibillion-dollar industry. In Jacksonville, a parade of incineration companies came to town over the past few years petitioning for the privilege to burn. Eventually, the Arkansas Department of Pollution Control and Ecology (P.C.&E.) chose MRK Incinerations of Zachary, Louisiana, headed by a man called Chip Efferson, to do the $10.7 million job. Laura Nelsen, a former spokesperson for MRK, admitted that "if MRK could pull this off, Efferson would be a rich man." Given the unprecedented nature of this residential burn, success here would put Efferson in a strong position to win "cleanup" contracts at toxic sites near populated areas across the country.

Gary Cohen, the executive director of the National Toxics Campaign Fund, says that "financial interests and the power behind the incineration industry are overwhelming." The people of Jacksonville have been pushed around enough to understand that. As of August 1990, 54 percent of them opposed burning the wastes on the plant grounds, a survey result that was updated last fall by the *Arkansas Gazette*, which found only 29 percent favoring the burn. In 1986 they voted no to incineration in a referendum, and that same year the City Council prohibited the burning of hazardous wastes. Both the E.P.A. and the P.C.&E., directed by Randall Mathis, who supports the burn, intervened, challenging Jacksonville's legal rights. The P.C.&E. brought a lawsuit demanding that any attempt by the city to ban or regulate incineration within the city limits be pre-empted and superseded by state and federal law. Earlier this year the P.C.&E. won its case. The City Council overturned its vote and decided to say yes to burning dioxin.

Meanwhile, in 1987, State Representative Mike Wilson, who has family connections to banking and real estate interests in the town, both of which are on record as favoring incineration, introduced a bill exempting the government and industry from any responsibility for the negative effects of incineration, including death. The bill was signed into law by Governor Bill Clinton, now a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, a man who promotes himself as an environmentalist and professes concern for the health of the local citizens. The National Toxics Campaign's Cohen describes Clinton as being "quite willing to sacrifice the whole community."

The people of Jacksonville have had no better luck with Washington. Sharon Golgan, president of People United Against the Burn, explained, "We sent thirty-eight letters to the House Ways and Means Committee. We telegraphed George Bush. We fax letters twice a week to the Governor and have received nothing back from anyone. We are hostages left over from the Vietnam War. . . . [This is] the site where the U.S. government ordered the production of one-quarter of all the Agent Orange produced during the war."

As if all this official indifference weren't enough of a disincentive to continued opposition, there has been intimidation in the form of an arson attack last March against Pat Costner, the research director of Greenpeace's U.S. toxics campaign, who had commuted regularly to Jacksonville from her home in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, to lend her expertise. "It was a Saturday night," Costner recalled. "I had left my house around 7 P.M. and came home about 10:45. My house was totally gone. I stood there for a time, went around its foundation in disbelief and went back to town to tell a friend. I wanted to go home so badly, but there was nothing left to go home to. Every paper—thirty years of accumulated scientific information—had been wiped out. No books, no family pictures, nothing. I called the Police Department but they never came out. I called in an arson team and they confirmed it; someone had set my house on fire. My office was the target. The temperatures were 1,000 degrees higher than a normal house fire. . . . My work has been effective in stopping a number of planned incinerations. I know I was causing serious financial loss for these companies. I believe the incineration industry is behind my fire."

In Jacksonville, Costner had been aggressive in explaining the contamination likely to result from burning the Agent Orange components. "The amount of dioxin that will be emit-

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ted during the planned incineration will be enough to give 3 million people the 'lifetime' dose of dioxin federal officials say is an unacceptable cancer risk," she said. Citing studies of human and animal testicular degeneration, Costner added, "Reproductive ability is also affected." Dioxin at concentrations as high as 190 parts per billion (p.p.b.) has been found at one site in the town and 150 p.p.b. at another. (Superfund laws require the E.P.A. to undertake a cleanup whenever more than 1 p.p.b. of dioxin is present.) At these concentrations the E.P.A. estimates that a burn will take four to seven years, but it could be longer. Right now the P.C.&E. is simply waiting for the analysis of the latest trial burn, concluded on October 11, to go on line. (The first burn failed, causing alarm among the townspeople.) Incineration advocates make much of the value of trial burns, a single trial providing the basis for licensing an incinerator. But as "Rachel's" points out, "The carefully-controlled conditions during the trial burn are unlikely to mimic the real-life conditions under which the machine will operate day after day. Thus the information gathered may be irrelevant and misleading."

Scientists and researchers working for the E.P.A. and industry acknowledge that there are both short- and long-term effects from the accumulation of toxic exposures, but as the E.P.A.'s own Science Advisory Board noted, there are no reliable analyses from which to predict accurately the damage to public health and the environment. With regard to incineration, says Costner, no instrument can test all the products of incomplete combustion, the hot molecules that have been rearranged and recombined in the incineration process, creating new, complex chemicals that even the E.P.A. admits "are more difficult to destroy and may be more toxic than the parent compound." Those chemicals will either escape into the air or settle into the ash, which then must be disposed of.

E.P.A. scientists wrote in 1986 that by its nature the incineration process "generates wastes: fly ash that goes up the stack, bottom ash that is left in the incinerator and residues from air pollution devices. For every 10,000 pounds of solid hazardous waste burned, as much as 2,900 pounds of ash [are] left, and incinerating the same quantity of liquid hazardous waste produces as much as 900 pounds of ash." The same report stated, "Stack gas scrubbers do not reduce the quantity of toxic emissions; they simply shift them from one medium—air—to another—water or soil. Scrubber water is routinely treated and discharged into ponds or the facility's wastewater discharge while solid filters are usually buried in landfills."

This is the case regardless of the material being incinerated. Given the poisoned nature of the Jacksonville environment, the burning of any hazardous wastes there can only add to the people's problems. Dioxin ups the ante. For a year now there have been preliminary burns—of shredded contaminated drums; of "surrogate materials" (in one case secretly involving a chlorinated hydrocarbon the exposure to which can damage the liver and kidneys, irritate eyes, skin, nose and throat, and harm a fetus); of cancer-causing 2,4-D itself; and of water contaminated in the course of workers showering and washing their clothing. The white plume pouring from the stack almost nightly during the summer and fall signals the incineration of this "dirty water." That and the foul odors scare some folks, who are convinced that more than water is being burned, especially between midnight and 4 A.M.

Bureaucrats at the E.P.A. and P.C.&E. insist that the incinerator is safe, that no one's health is in jeopardy, that even the ash can be considered "nonhazardous" and thus may be exempt from all but minimal regulations. Yet on their least speculative claim—that of the plant's safety—there is no reason for contentment. Since the incinerator began operating in 1990, there's been nothing but trouble. Small explosions, breaks in the kiln and accidents have been reported by whistleblowers. Letters between the P.C.&E. and the incineration company read like an engineer's nightmare, chronicling malfunctions and breakdowns. Meanwhile, an evacuation plan created for emergencies is considered inadequate by Gregory Ferguson, the North Little Rock attorney working with PACCE. "If there's a fire or explosion [admitted by E.P.A. disaster officials to be a very real possibility, considering the products on hand] people couldn't get out," he said. "If people needed treatment, they would have trouble reaching the hospital. Even the hospital itself might have to be evacuated."

Despite all the hazards of incineration, the E.P.A. never considered an alternative for Jacksonville. John Wicklund, the agency's regional director for dioxin, said there was never any thought given to evacuation and buyout of the town—the route taken for Times Beach, Missouri, which had lower levels of dioxin contamination. Nor was the Science Advisory Board permitted to review other methods of waste disposal. When representatives of a Canadian company, Izone International, came to Arkansas to pitch a new ozone oxidation reduction process, they were received with interest by the Governor but with hostility by the P.C.&E., which cavalierly undermined their expertise and eventually sent them packing.

In the end the Governor, the state and federal environmental agencies, the courts, local power brokers and outside corporate interests have decided that Jacksonville can be sacrificed and that the benefits of incineration—what Pat Costner calls "a controlled, officially sanctioned toxic waste leak through stack emissions and ash disposal"—outweigh costs to the town. After all, Costner says, "It's lucrative and liability-free. You can't trace anything." Not formally, anyway. But as Ruby Brown of PACCE said, thinking about the future, "In-

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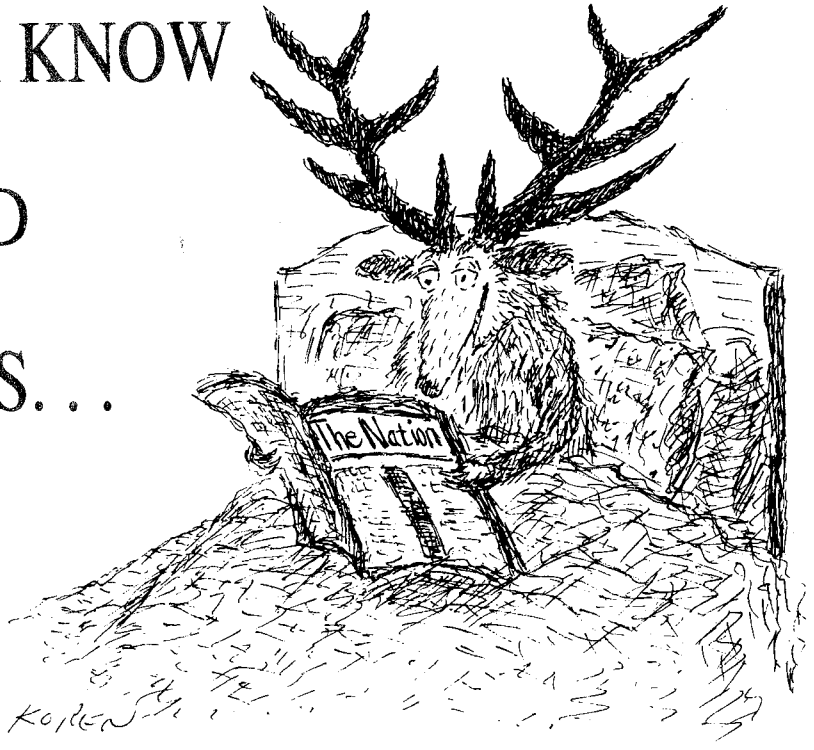

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cineration will surely destroy Jacksonville business, as it has in other areas. The pollution of Jacksonville goes far beyond the Vertac site and is probably beyond remediation."

"They may carry off this burn," her neighbor Bobbie Hollabaugh added, "but it will mean the death of this town and us. That's our legacy." □

BLACKS AND KOREANS

Fighting the Wrong Enemy

EARL OFARI HUTCHINSON

Most African-Americans tell the same story. Korean merchants are rude, abusive and treat them like thieves. But then, most Korean merchants tell the same story. African-American customers are rude, abusive and will steal from them. So both groups have drawn the battle lines and the results have been disastrous. In Los Angeles, 15-year-old Latasha Harlins was shot and killed on March 16 by a Korean storeowner, Soon Ja Du, who claimed she was stealing a bottle of orange juice (a store video showed she wasn't). The store was closed amid threats by African-Americans to boycott and firebomb it. Du was subsequently convicted of voluntary manslaughter.

A prolonged boycott by African-Americans of a Korean market in Brooklyn drew national headlines. In several other cities, blacks have picketed, threatened boycotts and held community meetings demanding "respect" and "fair treatment" from the Korean merchants. Korean merchants have not escaped without casualties. Over the past decade, some forty merchants nationwide have been shot or injured during robbery attempts in inner-city neighborhoods, according to the National Korean-American Grocers Association.

The Korean merchants deny they are bigots. They point out that they too have suffered racial oppression and economic exploitation. After their arrival in the 1890s, Koreans toiled mainly as low-wage contract laborers on the large agricultural estates in Hawaii and California. They were refused service in restaurants, theaters and public recreational facilities and were crowded into Jim Crow housing compounds. Prior to World War II, most states barred Koreans from leasing or owning land. In 1952, Congress finally granted Asian immigrants the right to become naturalized citizens. However, until the mid-1960s the number of Korean immigrants in America remained small.

The Immigration and Nationality Amendments of 1965, together with the repressive political and economic policies of the Park Chung Hee military dictatorship, prompted the exodus of thousands of Korean petty entrepreneurs and professionals. Most came to the United States in search of freedom and better economic opportunities. Despite their advanced education and training, the immigrants quickly found that the doors of corporations and professions were locked as tightly against them as they were against African-Americans. Banks and government agencies denied them capital, credit and loans.

With their options severely narrowed, Koreans trod the same path as generations of Jewish, Greek, Italian and Armenian immigrants who had also faced exclusion: They opened businesses in black neighborhoods. There they could take advantage of cheap rents and leases, with minimal labor costs and overhead expenses. Many of the Korean immigrants had past business experience, belonged to business and trade associations, and secured credit through their traditional Kye, or credit rotating system. They also did not have to compete with the major chain markets and retail stores, nearly all of which had fled the inner cities following the mass destruction of their stores and property during the urban uprisings of the 1960s. The neighborhood where Latasha Harlins was killed is a case study in urban neglect over the past decade. The store had changed ownership several times before being purchased by a Korean family in the mid-1980s.

Despite their slight business advantages over African-Americans, most Korean storeowners remain small mom-and-pop operators. They rely on family members or hire other newly arrived Korean immigrants at minimal wages. The long hours they work generally produce small profit returns. One study revealed that, on average, Korean merchant families earn $17,000 to $35,000 annually. The merchants charge higher prices because, unlike major food and retail chains, their stores can't buy in volume. Since the black neighborhoods they do business in are heavily redlined by banks and insurance companies, banking and insurance costs are greater.

The Korean-black conflict reflects the leadership crisis both groups face in an era of scarcity.

Or are they racist? Undoubtedly some are. And with much of the media painting young blacks as prone to violence or as drug dealers, it is easy to see how Koreans could believe that all African-Americans are potential predators. Still, other ethnic merchants have coexisted in relative harmony with their black clientele in the past, so why haven't the Koreans?

The big difference, of course, is that other immigrants were Europeans determined to shed their old-country languages and customs in the American melting pot. When they opened businesses in black neighborhoods, they acted like friendly uncles. They knew their customers on a first-name basis, they willingly extended small loans and credit, and they employed local youth to do menial chores. Their stores often served as meeting places where the locals exchanged news or gossip. This approach appealed to blacks, most of whom had come

Earl Ofari Hutchinson is publisher of "Ofari's Bi-Monthly." His latest book is The Mugging of Black America *(African-American Images).*

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from the rural South and who were accustomed to intimacy and informality in their personal relationships.

For Koreans the path to assimilation has been rockier. A 1975 survey of Korean immigrants revealed that 90 percent had only a marginal command, or no command at all, of English. Most said they did not have the time or resources to take classes. Many Koreans find the words and expressions of African-Americans bewildering or incomprehensible. They react with silence or curt answers. Also, Korean merchants are trained to run their businesses in a formal and structured manner, minimizing physical contact and social interaction with non-Korean employees and customers. To African-Americans, these are signs of hostility, disrespect and racial bias.

In a larger sense, the Korean-black conflict reflects the profound leadership crisis that both groups face in an era of liberal retreat and increasing scarcity. Acutely aware of their continued exclusion from America's economic mainstream, many Korean merchants see African-Americans as a threat to their economic turf. In press conferences, they have repeatedly depicted black neighborhoods as crime-ridden and dangerous. Their aim seems to be to deflect criticism and win press sympathy.

As an example, following a hearing in which bail was granted to the grocer charged with the Harlins murder, supporters of the accused cheered. Some blacks in the courtroom thought they were being taunted. Relatives of Harlins and local black leaders were outraged and immediately called a press conference to denounce Korean "insensitivity."

But it is not just their visibility or business practices that have made the Korean merchants easy targets for black anger. A decade of Reagan and Bush Administration assaults on civil rights and job and social programs has left the black poor even more marginalized and powerless. Not only have black leaders failed to mount credible counterattacks, they have almost totally centered their agenda on affirmative action, corporate entry and busing. These are goals that are arguably removed from the needs of the black underclass.

The reaction of black leaders in Los Angeles in the immediate aftermath of the Harlins shooting typified the dilemma. At an impromptu rally in front of the market, speaker after speaker condemned the Koreans and issued thinly veiled threats to drive them out of the community. Their remarks seemed calculated to inflame blacks and play to the media's insatiable appetite for sensationalism.

Peacemaking efforts in Los Angeles and other cities have been disappointing. They have consisted of meetings between small groups of Korean businesspersons and local community human-relations officials and have taken on the air of gripe sessions. As Larry Aubry, a senior consultant to the Los Angeles County Human Relations Commission, aptly noted, "There has not been the political will to do something about the problem." The reality is that there can be no lasting peace without the direct involvement of both Korean shopkeepers and African-American residents. Facing one another in the peacemaking process will require a change of attitude by both groups.

Korean merchants can insure good will and continued patronage by treating blacks as honest customers, not as thieves or potential thieves. They must charge competitive prices, provide quality merchandise and train and employ local residents. Korean business associations can work directly with black community organizations on economic development and neighborhood improvement programs.

For black leaders, the task of peacemaking is even more urgent. Picketing or boycotting Korean merchants will not solve the massive problems of crime, drugs, unemployment, inadequate health care and educational collapse, nor will it halt the erosion of civil rights gains. The Korean merchants could be a vital part of the black struggle for empowerment.

These are elementary codes of conduct that both sides can adhere to if there is to be an end to the bloodletting. African-Americans and Koreans both carry the twin burdens of economic and racial oppression. Drawing battle lines will not solve those problems. The death of Latasha Harlins should teach both sides that. □

Nationalism

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Almost everything about this argument is historically wrong, but as Ernest Renan noted more than a century ago, "Forgetting history, and even historical error, are an essential factor in the formation of a nation." However, we are concerned not with history or with rationality but with politics. Here one thing has to be stated very clearly. The nationalist belief, first expressed in the nineteenth century by Giuseppe Mazzini, that every nation should form a state, and that there should be only one state for each nation, is and always was quite unworkable in ethnic-linguistic terms.

There are, with the exception of some island ministates, probably not more than a dozen ethnically and linguistically homogeneous states among the 170 or so of the world's political entities, and probably none that include anything like the totality of the "nation" they claim to embody. The territorial distribution of the human race is older than the idea of ethnic-linguistic nation-states and therefore does not correspond to it. Development in the modern world economy, because it generates vast population movements, constantly undermines ethnic-linguistic homogeneity. Multiethnicity and plurilinguality are quite unavoidable, except temporarily by mass exclusion, forcible assimilation, mass expulsion or genocide—in short, by coercion. There is only a dark future for a world of nation-states such as the new government of Georgia, which wants to deny citizenship rights to any inhabitant who cannot prove that his or her ancestors were Georgian speakers and lived in the territory before 1801.

There are today four rather different reasons such sentiments, and their political expression in separatism, are widely supported. The first is that the collapse of the Communist system, which imposed political stability over a large part of

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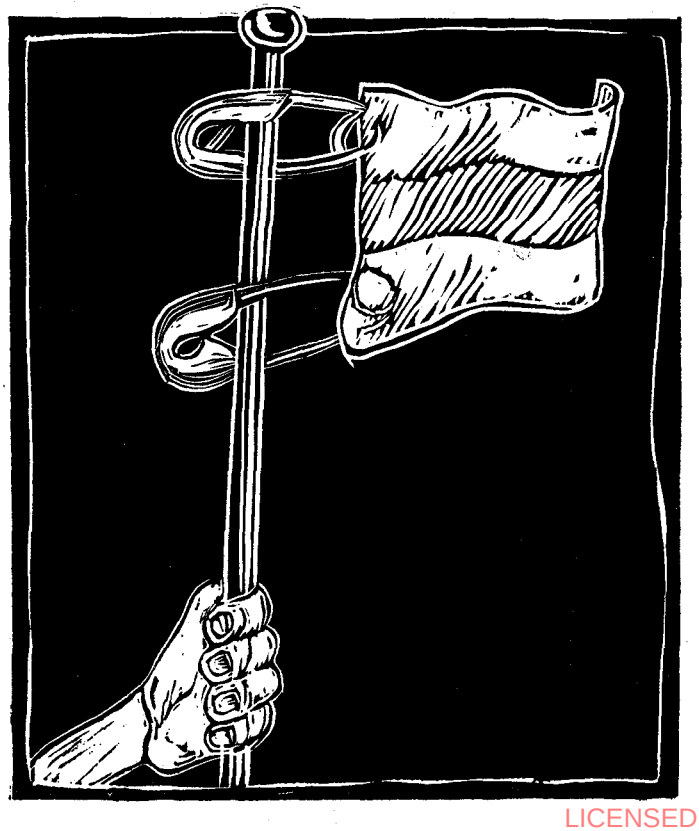
Europe, has reopened the wounds of World War I, or, more precisely, of the misconceived and unrealistic peace settlements after it. The explosive nationalist issues in Central and Eastern Europe today are not ancient ethnic conflicts but those created during the formation of the successor states to the collapsing multi-ethnic Habsburg, Ottoman and Czarist Russian empires. Baltic and Caucasian separatism, and conflicts between Serbs and Croats, and Czechs and Slovaks, were not serious problems in 1917, or could not have existed before the establishment of Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. What has made those problems acute is not the strength of national feeling, which was no greater than in countries like Britain and Spain, but the disintegration of central power, for this forced even Soviet or Yugoslav republics that did not dream of separation, like Kazakhstan and Macedonia, to assert independence as a means of self-preservation.

The breakdown of Communist systems has given separatist agitations elsewhere enormous encouragement, but it has no direct bearing on them. Such as they are, the prospects of independence for, say, Scotland, Quebec, Euskadi (the Basque country) or Corsica remain the same as before. They do not depend on what happens in the East.

The second reason is more general, though probably more important in the West than in the East. The massive population movements of the past forty years—within and between countries and continents—have made xenophobia into a major political phenomenon, as the earlier mass migrations of 1880–1920 did to a smaller extent. Xenophobia encourages ethnic nationalism, since the essence of both is hostility to other groups (the "not-we"). United States nationalism is by origin entirely nonlinguistic. It is only because of mass Hispanic immigration that today demands are made, for the first time, that English should be the *official* language of the United States. However, mutual ethnic hatred does not necessarily produce separatism, as the United States also proves.



The third reason is that the politics of group identity are easier to understand than any others, especially for peoples who, after several decades of dictatorship, lack both political education and experience. In Central Europe, argues Miroslav Hroch, a leading Czech historian, language is once again replacing complicated concepts like constitutions and civil rights. Nationalism is among the simple, intuitively comprehensible beliefs that substitute for less understandable political programs. It is not the only one.

The fourth reason is perhaps the most fundamental. To quote the Czech historian: "Where an old regime disintegrates, where old social relations have become unstable, amid the rise of general insecurity, belonging to a common language and culture may become the only certainty in society, the only value beyond ambiguity and doubt." In the former Communist countries this insecurity and disorientation may derive from the collapse of the predictable planned economy and the social security that went with it. In the West there are other forms of disorientation and insecurity that have built up during the past decades, when the world and human life changed more rapidly and profoundly than ever before in human history.

Is it an accident that Quebec separatism as a serious political factor emerged at the end of a decade when a traditional, Catholic, pious and clerical community that had preserved the values of seventeenth-century French peasants suddenly gave way to a society in which people no longer went to church and the birthrate fell almost vertically? After two generations, when continents of peasants have become continents of city dwellers, when the relations between the generations, and increasingly between the sexes, have been transformed and past wisdom seems irrelevant to present problems, the world is full of people who long for something that still looks like an old, and unchallengeable, certainty. It is not surprising that at such times they turn to group identity, of which national identity is one form, or that the demand for a political unit exclusively for the members of the group, in the form of ethnic-linguistic nation-states, once again comes to the fore.

However, if we can understand the forces that lead to a revival of the politics of national consciousness, and even sympathize with the feelings that inspire it, let us have no illusions. Adding another few dozen to the member-states of the U.N. will not give any of them any more control over their affairs than they had before they became independent. It will not solve or diminish the problems of cultural or any other autonomy in the world, any more than it did in 1919.

Establishing nation-states on the post–World War I model is not necessarily a recipe for disaster. Among the potential new nation-states there may well be one or two future Netherlands and Switzerlands, bastions of tolerance, democracy and civilization. But who, looking at Serbia and Croatia, at Slovakia and Lithuania, at Georgia, Quebec and the rest, would today expect many of the newly separated nation-states to go that way? And who would expect a Europe of such new states to be a zone of peace? □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

In the Beginning

GILBERTO PEREZ

BABEL AND BABYLON: Spectatorship in American Silent Film. *By Miriam Hansen. Harvard University. 377 pp. $37.50.*

BEFORE THE NICKELODEON: Edwin S. Porter and the Edison Manufacturing Company. *By Charles Musser. University of California. 600 pp. $66. Paper $32.*

BEFORE THE NICKELODEON. *A companion film by Charles Musser. Distributed by First Run Features.*

D.W. GRIFFITH AND THE ORIGINS OF AMERICAN NARRATIVE FILM: The Early Years at Biograph. *By Tom Gunning. University of Illinois. 316 pp. $39.95.*

Late in 1913 D.W. Griffith, breaking with the Biograph Company, took out a full-page ad in the New York *Dramatic Mirror* declaring his authorship of the films he had been making since 1908 in Biograph's employ. Movie companies in that early period, and Biograph more doggedly than the others, kept the names of players and filmmakers unknown to the public: Movies were to be seen as company products. Against this policy of company impersonality Griffith was asserting his authorship and his artistry. His work at Biograph had been momentously innovative. Rather than the company, his ad proclaimed, it was he who was responsible for "revolutionizing Motion Picture drama and founding the modern technique of the art."

Long before the *auteur* theory was proposed, film critics and historians endorsed Griffith's claim to authorship. For several years now, however—years in which the study of film has established itself academically—dominant thinking in the field of film studies has in effect come down on the side of Biograph. The *auteur* theory, imported from France in the early 1960s, has long been out of fashion; a newer bit of imported French theory pronounces the author dead. The view of art as the creation or expression of individual genius is in disfavor. Instead, thinking corporately, we are to admire the "genius of the system"; or, on the other side of the same coin, we are to decry the manipulations of a system that, it is believed, fosters an oppressive ideology and allows little room for deviation either in its practitioners or in its spectators. According to this way of thinking, Griffith's innovations in film technique merely served to put the system in place.

Cleverly borrowing a term that Eisenstein had already borrowed from the circus and the variety show, Tom Gunning has characterized the cinema before Griffith as a "cinema of attractions." This was a cinema not so interested in telling a story as in putting on a show, an exhibitionistic rather than a voyeuristic cinema, says Gunning, who, like nearly everybody else in film studies these days, thinks narrative cinema is essentially voyeuristic. Whereas narrative cinema seeks the spectator's vicarious involvement in a fictional elsewhere, the cinema of attractions addressed the spectator sitting right there in the theater in the company of other spectators. Going to the movies in those early days was a much more social, a much more local, experience, says Miriam Hansen in *Babel and Babylon*: less an experience of the film being shown than a theater experience of the showing as a kind of performance before an audience grounded in the specific circumstances of exhibition and reception. The narrative cinema that Griffith developed brings the spectator into the film and out of the local and social situation in which one views the film. This is thought to be a bad thing. Transported into another world, the spectator is given the illusion of movement but supposedly gets assigned a prearranged position of involvement and identification with the fiction and its characters, a position inscribed in the film that does not allow the spectator much latitude of response and interpretation.

Of American filmmakers before Griffith the most notable was Edwin S. Porter, best known for *The Life of an American Fireman* and *The Great Train Robbery*, both from 1903. An essay reconsidering Porter that Noël Burch published in the late 1970s helped bring on the recent upsurge of interest in early cinema not as the rudimentary beginning of something that came to fruition later but as a different kind of cinema that achieved artistry in its own right. In early cinema Burch saw a proletarian medium cast in a proletarian form and aimed at a proletarian audience—until Griffith's innovations, forging the means of a cinematic dramaturgy centered on individual characters, handed the medium over to the bourgeoisie. In the distant camera and disjointed continuity of Porter's movies Burch saw the technique of an artist who was Brechtian before Brecht. It was a modernist interest, fostered by certain films of avant-garde or adversary persuasion, that led to the new attention currently being paid to early cinema: something kindred to the modernist interest in "primitive" art but more politically motivated. Just as "primitive" art was seen as an alternative to academic art, so has early cinema come to be seen as an alternative, in form and social address, to the cinema of Hollywood—an alternative that was suppressed because it ran counter to bourgeois ideology.

The climactic scene of Porter's *Life of an American Fireman* pointedly illustrates the difference between his technique and Griffith's. To depict a rescue from a fire Porter evidently felt that it wouldn't have sufficed to show the whole scene from a single camera position as was the practice in those days; rather he decided two camera positions were needed, inside and outside the house on fire. But he didn't cut back and forth between those two perspectives as Griffith in a few years would have done (and as in fact was done to the film in a re-edited version that was long mistaken for the original). What Porter did was show the whole scene twice over, first from inside a room where a woman and her child are in danger, and then from the street outside, for a second look at the rescue as it would appear to a witnessing bystander. Porter's inside perspective was that of a spectator at the theater; his outside perspective, that of a news cameraman; he let each stand separately rather than attempting to blend them together. On an audience today Porter's manner of presentation—the disjunct perspectives, the repetition that does away with narrative suspense, the camera that stays far back and makes it difficult for us not only to identify ourselves with individual characters but at times even to identify them—indeed has something like an alienation effect. But surely this was not the intended effect of

Gilberto Perez, a professor of film history at Sarah Lawrence College, is completing a book on film, The Point of View of a Stranger.

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a movie in 1903. The calculated alienation that Brecht proposed only makes sense as a check working against the sway of an involvement. Surely in 1903 Porter was working on involving his audience—though he may not have cared so much to involve it in the story as in the show.

In *Before the Nickelodeon*, a capable and useful study of Porter and his employer, Edison Manufacturing, Charles Musser convincingly argues that Porter's filmmaking style was formed by the first work he did in films, which was not in their production but in their exhibition. The exhibitor in the initial years of the medium did not merely screen a finished product but contributed musical and often spoken accompaniment and, more important in Porter's case, arranged the sequence in which the films, each an unedited view of very short running time, were to be shown to the audience. The projectionist in Porter's day was an editor of sorts; the art of film editing began with that sort of film projecting. Porter's editing, groundbreaking at first and by the end of his career recalcitrantly old-fashioned, developed and remained in the style of the projectionist who would string together different views from different sources and allow each to run its course before proceeding to the next. The two views of the climactic rescue in *The Life of an American Fireman* are strung together in that way, as if they came from two different sources that happened to picture the same event.

In the days when the exhibitor had greater control over the picture show there was, we're told, greater spontaneity and greater diversity of local response to the movies. Supposedly you didn't see the same movie twice if you saw it in different theaters. In the space of a movie theater it was then possible, Miriam Hansen maintains, for the audience as a social group to enter into the interactions of a public sphere rather than becoming absorbed, as separate individuals, in the illusions of a narrative cinema. Let's consider the case of the Spanish-American War of 1898, which gave a boost to the movie business. Coverage of this war, in the form of newsreels that were sometimes actual and more often were staged or contrived, enabled the movies to regain the audience they had begun to lose after the attraction of their novelty passed. The war took place during the heyday of exhibitor control, but there seem to have been no local discrepancies of opinion in the patriotic fervor that rallied the nation behind a venture of imperialist aggression no less objectionable, and no less widely supported by the American people, than the recent war in the Persian Gulf. For all their local grounding, movie exhibitors nearly a century ago appear to have been no less uniform in their endorsement of an imperial war than the television networks were last winter. That is not to imply that nothing can be done about patriotic demagogy but to raise doubts about the notion that the cinema of attractions made for greater social awareness than the narrative cinema and allowed freer play to a local or an alternative public sphere.

The auteur theory better allowed for a dialectic between the author and the system.

From the *auteur* theory, which brought the romantic cult of the artist into the upstart art of film, the winds of fashion have blown to a view of the artist as the pawn of history and culture and society. The artist is omitted from Hansen's contrast between an early cinema grounded in the theater experience and a cinema of the film experience in which control comes from above—from the studio and its business interests, from the culture industry and its manipulations, from capitalism and its machinations. No account is taken of the filmmaker, who also would seem to have gained greater control, or at least the potential for it, as the film became a work finished at its making rather than left to the fortuities of its showing. Allegedly unpolitical, yet originally a *politique*—a politics championing the author as the individual spirit resisting the conformities of the system—the *auteur* theory aggrandized the author, but it better allowed for a dialectic between the author and the system, between the individual and his or her situation, than does a theory that aggrandizes the system into a virtually absolute rule.

To be sure, the filmmaker is, even if not in the employ of a studio, under the rule of the culture of capitalism; but that will not necessarily determine—though it will certainly affect—the film he or she will make or the response a spectator will have to it. There is a margin of freedom when making a film and when viewing one, a margin for making the kind of film that invites the viewer's freedom of response; and that edge of freedom may make all the difference. It's a mistake to suppose that the movies and their spectators can enter into a public sphere only in the right-then-and-there of the theater. It's also possible to take part in a public sphere—whether already in place or coming into being, diffuse or socially specific, a mainstream affair or an alternative formation—through the elsewhere of a fiction by which an artist engages an audience.

The proletarian theory of early cinema has come under serious challenge. It has a leftist sentimental appeal, but the evidence argues against it. Movie audiences before the nickelodeon—before there were movie theaters proper, which was when the cinema of attractions reigned—do not seem to have belonged to any social class in particular. "Audiences were as varied," Hansen writes, "as the contexts in which films were originally shown—vaudeville and variety theaters, dime museums and penny arcades, summer parks, fair grounds, and traveling shows." The cinema of attractions would take its place side by side with other attractions arrayed for patrons of the variegated popular entertainment that flourished around the turn of the century and that, says Hansen, would bring the different social classes together and blur their differences. With the rise of the nickelodeons after 1905 the movies struck out on their own, and then for a few years it was indeed the case that, with their low price of admission (vaudeville cost five times as much), the picture shows drew their audiences primarily from the working class and especially from immigrants who couldn't afford the more expensive entertainments. But the heyday of the nickelodeon and of the movies as an immigrant and proletarian medium was also the period in which the supposedly proletarian cinema of attractions declined and the supposedly bourgeois narrative cinema rose to ascendancy. It seems that the workers and the immigrants wanted to be transported into a fictional elsewhere. A recent article by John Berger argues that the cinema is the art form of our century of immigrants precisely because it is the art of movement and displacement, the art that roams a world elsewhere.

It seems that another segment of the audience, women, also desired immersion in the elsewhere of narrative cinema. Whereas the cinema of attractions had been principally aimed at men, the nar-

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rative cinema that rose with the nickelodeons began attracting large numbers of women. The nickelodeon replaced the saloon as the main place of recreation for the working class. Whereas the saloon had been a place reserved for men while the women stayed at home, the nickelodeon welcomed women. The movies quickly became popular with women, with or without men, and have enduringly remained so.

This shouldn't be troubling to feminism, but it does pose a problem for feminist film theory as it has been influentially formulated in the decade and a half since Laura Mulvey's landmark essay, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema." That essay was against both visual pleasure and narrative cinema because, it maintained, the male alone takes visual pleasure, the female can only be the object of that pleasure, and narrative cinema is made to the measure of the male with his voyeuristic and fetishistic gaze. In the terms Mulvey proposed, which a school of theorists has subsequently elaborated [see Martha Gever, "Just Looking," February 5, 1990], it's difficult to explain—and the difficult explanations have filled many pages of academic prose—how a woman can enjoy a movie. And it's more difficult still to account for the fact that women started going to the movies in earnest just when a narrative cinema was being instituted allegedly for the benefit of the dominating male gaze. The theorized spectator inscribed in the very form and unfolding of a narrative film is a male spectator; the theorized position we are made to occupy when we watch a movie, assigned to us ahead of time and constructing our response for us, is a male position. Women, however, have long liked the movies nonetheless.

The main thrust of Mulvey's essay was not to advance a film theory but to call for a film practice that would contest the joint dominance of Hollywood and patriarchy. But it's mainly as a theory of film, of film as a medium of the male gaze, that her essay has been taken, and moreover the theory has been taken as proven; the disputes concerning it have for the most part been in the vein of argumentations within shared doctrine rather than critical examinations of the theory and the evidence. Hardly anyone has called into question the founding premise, skimpily argued in Mulvey's essay and taken for granted since, that we watch a film as a voyeur furtively watches an erotic sight. Of course this is true some of the time, but surely most of the time

Sandino in the Streets

Photographs and Essay by Joel C. Sheesley
Translated and edited by Wayne G. Bragg
Prologue by Ernesto Cardenal

Murdered by Anastasio Somoza García's troops in 1934, Augusto César Sandino became the rallying cry for Nicaraguan nationalism and honor. For the Sandinistas, he was the symbol of national identity. *Sandino in the Streets* features popular images of Sandino which have adorned the walls, bridges, and posts throughout Nicaragua. Juxtaposed with these images are passages from Sandino's letters and journals, counterpointed by a timeline of events in Nicaraguan history between 1893 and 1926. Together they form a powerful multilayered statement about one country's search for freedom and justice. *Caribbean and Latin American Studies*
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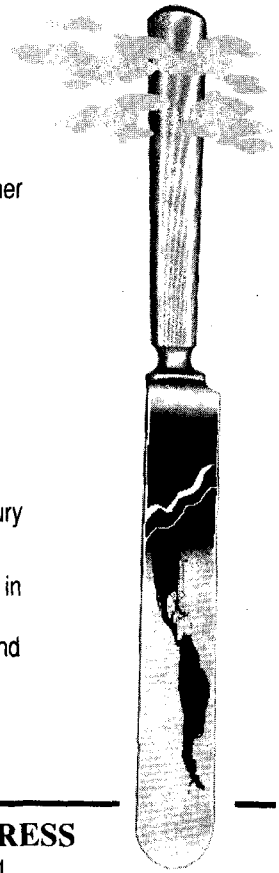

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films don't take place in bedrooms or peep into sights normally concealed from view. And even if one grants the voyeur premise, there is the largely unquestioned assumption that the voyeur position belongs solely to the male. At the beginning of her book, Hansen brings up the interesting case of the film that was made in 1897 of the heavyweight championship bout between James Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons. Although prizefighting was a male preserve, the film of the prizefight was attended not only by men but also massively by women. Unexpected at the time and unaccountable by current feminist film theory, this female turnout must have had something to do with women taking pleasure in the sight of male bodies exhibited on the screen. The visual pleasure women take no doubt differs from men's; this doesn't mean that they take none.

The female spectator has become a tangled issue in film studies. Hansen addresses the issue with intelligence and insight. Her book concludes with a perceptive discussion of the figure and the cult of Rudoph Valentino, perhaps the most sensational of the many male stars the screen has exhibited for the benefit of the female gaze. But Hansen, though she seems skeptical, comes short of challenging the prevalent theory of film as a medium of the male gaze. She treats Valentino as a paradox. The sexy male star is a paradox only if one accepts the theory that the male gaze rules everywhere; the moment one allows women their gaze the paradox vanishes.

D. W. Griffith is a paradox harder to dispel. A much greater innovator than Porter, like Porter he held on to the technique he innovated and stubbornly resisted further change, so that like Porter he ended up in early retirement from the industry he helped found. What, as Musser establishes, the projectionist's stringing of views was to Porter, the editing of parallel scenes was to Griffith, as Tom Gunning demonstrates in his knowledgeable book on the early years at Biograph, when Griffith developed the technique of parallel editing and tried out with pioneering verve a considerable range of its expressive possibilities. Although Griffith is famous for his use of the close-up, that came later and with a certain curious reluctance: Cutting *within* scenes rather than *between* scenes was something Griffith tended to resist even after other filmmakers were doing it intensively. Why? Gunning offers no answer to this difficult question. His book hesitates between an attentive appreciation of Griffith the *auteur* and an endeavor to account for Griffith's work in social and cultural terms.

Griffith remained apart from Hollywood, apart from the so-called classical narrative cinema to which his innovations led. And his innovations also led to the revolutionary Soviet cinema of the 1920s: Griffith's technique points no more in the direction of Hollywood than it points in the direction of Eisenstein and Pudovkin, Vertov and Dovzhenko.

In Griffith, as Eisenstein said long ago, the old and the new coexist and clash. The racist who made *The Birth of a Nation*, the traditionalist who glorified the Old South, was also the denouncer of exploitative capitalism in *A Corner in Wheat* or in the modern story *Intolerance*. Similar contradictions and warring sentiments, which Hansen probes in her discussion of *Intolerance*, run deep in Griffith's portrayal of women. With some justification we may think of him as the rescuer of damsels in distress, but in fact almost all his strongest characters are women, women who are not merely objects of desire but subjects in action.

Griffith was no subversive. His contradictions were not counter to his culture but a forceful expression of *its* contradictions. Yet in so expressing them he exposed them. And his expressive technique opened the way for many other possibilities both of a more conformist and of a more adversary import. The notion that bourgeois or patriarchal ideology is inscribed in that very technique, something built into it that it builds into us, is not so much a film theory as a conspiracy theory. □

Screenplay Culture

LEWIS COLE

By all measures screenplays now occupy a position of greater popularity and importance than any other form of creative literature. Confounding their low estate in the movie business, screenwriters have risen to the status of literary celebrities, equals of the postwar poet-critics, the novelists of the fifties and sixties, and the journalists of the Watergate decade. Everyone—besides writers, my personal list includes lawyers, carpenters, psychologists, taxi drivers, magazine editors, even *directors*—has drafted a screenplay or, at the least, plans to. At Columbia University's graduate film school, where I teach screenwriting, the present rate of applicants to admissions runs about eight to one, a higher ratio than that found at most medical schools. Thus, the efficiency and wisdom—are you listening, Boris?—of the free market: The Third World sends us doctors and we send them *Terminator 2*.

The preference for the screenplay as a narrative form over the novel or the story partly results from fiduciary concerns, as agents euphemistically put it. A desirable screenplay can earn a lot of money, though the pennies-from-Heaven stories one hears of overnight success, like most accounts of gold rushes, are tall tales: They ignore the hustling, anxiety and disappointment that make up so much of a screenwriter's professional life. Selling a script fulfills the same fantasy for aspiring artists from the middle class that making it as a rapper performs for the poor: a dual triumph of artistic expression and commercial fortune. One of my students sold his thesis screenplay for a hundred grand—better entry-level wages than you'll get with your M.F.A.—and Hollywood's legendary largesse in purchasing books and articles has whetted every writer's desire to receive a first-class ticket to the Coast and translate his or her prose into 120 pages of slug lines, CONT'D.s and shifting marginal indentations.

But money only partly explains the screenplay's surprising ascendance as a literary form. For Americans born after World War II, the movies are the form of art they both know and love best. Only music, in the form of rock and roll, has made as strong an impression on their sensibilities. Certainly no writing—again, with the exception of rock and roll lyrics—comes close to equaling the influence exerted on their taste and understanding by films; their reference to moral conflict, revelations of character, beauty and simple storytelling—their conscious relationship to art, that is—is largely limited to the stars, dramas and themes they have seen on screen (and the comedy they have watched on television).

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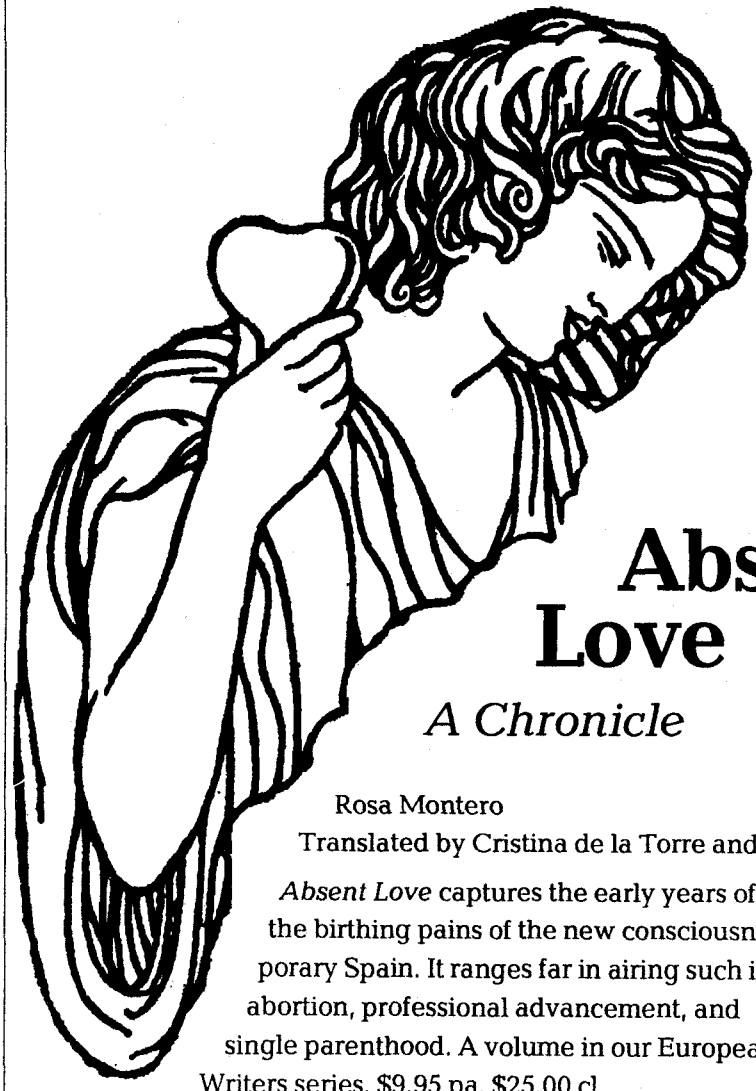
They want to emulate their cinematic favorites—Woody Allen's wit, Truffaut's lyricism, Lynch's mordant melodrama—and these goals seem both attainable and profitable to them in a way that writing books modeled after their favorite novels or nonfiction works does not. They write screenplays, or fantasize about writing them, not only because they dream of seeing their name on screen but as a way of telling *their* stories, even when these narratives would be much more sensibly presented as children's books, essays, novels, poems or stories. Screenplays have become their letters to the world.

This choice in literary fashion is peculiar and troubling. I love movies as well as any member of my generation and have been influenced beyond measure by watching them; Jean-Pierre Léaud facing a sea and Charlton Heston parting one are both images imprinted on my imagination. But movies are not the equivalent of written works of art. They are something different, equally unbounded, perhaps, in their range but completely distinct in their powers and limits. And screenplays are not even movies. They are a suggestion of movies—a prelude to art, a Labanotation for stories, a formal expression of inspiration, the equivalent, say, of the life-study model or the generic tales Shakespeare used for his plots. Limited in function, restricted in range, they are judged by one criterion—whether they manage to convey to the reader what he or she will see and hear on screen—and ultimately have no independent literary life. They can be great fun to create. In many ways screenplays are like puzzles, pieces of character and action that you fit together to form the plot, and there is a deep, true satisfaction when you hit on a scene that "plays"—a confrontation in which the protagonists and dramatic circumstance combine to produce the possibility of the intense concentration of effect that is the special power of film. And they also have the additional, magical lure of production. But they are not art: They lack the power and freedom that are the mark of a single narrative voice—whether it's the camera introducing us to the Godfather or Emily Dickinson letting us know she heard a fly buzz before she died. Their acceptance as a literary form is a bizarre instance of contemporary culture, and their commercial and aesthetic influence over literature is a development to be insistently resisted.

The nonliterary value of the screenplay has nothing to do with how well a particular script is written. The description of the deadly, climactic merry-go-round ride in *Strangers on a Train* is as compellingly readable as the best 1940s hard-boiled prose, and Robert Towne gained Hollywood fame for a long non-dialogue section in *Greystoke* dramatizing young Tarzan's life among the apes. Some writers are more resourceful and original, and speak with greater precision and a surer authority of imaginative knowledge than others. In her ten-minute characterization of Susan Sarandon's isolated, tender, baffled middle-aged boyfriend, Callie Khouri, the author of *Thelma and Louise*, suggests an utterly convincing and original portrait, an accomplishment that escapes the writers of *City Slickers* in two hours of shamelessly heartfelt jokes and monologues.

But no screenplay, however beautifully fashioned, is created simply to be read. Because of the current fascination with films, it has become fashionable to talk about publishing screenplays as books. Michael Herr's screenplay-like novel, *Winchell*, was (alarmingly) accepted as a genuine literary attempt. But such ventures are apologies posing as aesthetics, the latest whimsy of postmodernist ideol-



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A Chronicle

Rosa Montero

Translated by Cristina de la Torre and Diana Glad

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ogy. No one ever reads a screenplay for pleasure as we read Shakespeare, Ibsen or Mamet, and for good cause. The reason one writes a screenplay, the reason one tells a story in this manner, is to be produced.

This difference between screenplays and movies is commonly ignored. Narrated by the camera—"the generative organ of good film," Larry McMurtry calls the eye in an essay in his book *Film Flam*—films enjoy a supple freedom in their storytelling. But although screenplays provide the framework for these tales, screenplays, in themselves, are brittle constructions. The "spine" of the story, directors call them, and the image is an appropriate one: a series of junctures between characters and circumstance, a skeleton without the warming connective tissue of life. People often refer to films being "novelistic." But the movies we associate with the breadth of observation and depth of characterization of the great realistic prose works achieve this effect through the use of cinematic, not literary, powers. As a movie, Jean Vigo's *L'Atalante* is a dreamy meditation on love and desire, in which the camera shifts points of view and mood, managing to create the world of its young protagonists—the tense formality of a country wedding, the timeless days and nights of first love, a blinding nighttime fog—with a heated, haunted beauty. But as a screenplay *L'Atalante* is as tightly structured as a Freddy Krueger horror flick: a series of self-contained episodes chronicling a classic boy-meets-girl, gets-girl, loses-girl-and-gets-her-again formula told with an absolute economy of character and image.

The goal of production limits every aspect of the screenplay's form and content.

Take the most fundamental element in narrative: the story. There is much less freedom in picking a screen story than, say, in selecting the tale you want to tell as a novel. To begin with, you need a hero—a character who overcomes or is overcome by circumstance, whether it is Woody Allen winning Diane Keaton's love in *Annie Hall* or the Russian masses confronting the Czar's power in *Potemkin*—and you need a heroic theme, more often than not quests that end in love, redemption or corruption. Similarly, stories with multiple heroes are unwise choices; the viewer wants to know which character he or she should identify with, and the protagonist from whose decisions the action of the piece flows, whether it's Marcello Mastroianni taking stock of his life in *8½* or Chevy Chase taking his family overseas in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*. (The decision is commercially important as well. Actors and directors demand star vehicles—scripts in which the lead actor appears in every scene, speaks every clever line, initiates every exciting action.)

Passive characters are another no-no—George Eliot's Dorothea wouldn't keep the attention of a studio reader past page ten. So are ambiguous ones. Screenplays increasingly favor one-line emotional histories—"nailing" the character, as the studio people say—and characters are frequently identified by the brand names they use. Tales in which the conflict is largely internal are generally not a good idea—only the most accomplished writers can translate into images and action the childhood and coming-of-age stories so popular with fledgling screenwriters. Other restrictions control dialogue, character and scenes. How do I know when I've finished a screenplay? one famous screenwriter gibes, seriously: When I have sixty two-page scenes.

Even the way the words appear on the page is a matter of form. No simple writing to the margin here or self-invented poetic line. Screenwriting—the only literary form since Renaissance poetry that devotes as much time to the visual presentation of the material as to creating it—has rules for openings and closings and the introduction of every scene and character. If the computer hadn't existed, screenwriters would have invented it. Does your finished play still run five pages short of the producer's 107-page weight test? A flick of the finger with Wordperfect's F8 function key and you bring your skimpy script up to heft.

For movies, all these practices make aesthetic sense. The slug line (the time and place notation that heads each scene) not only lets the line producer know how many day-for-night sequences he or she must include in the budget, but communicates to the reader, almost as quickly as the audience will see it on the screen, the setting of the scene. Philosophically, the almost primitive view of character and action that informs films offers a stark view of people and experience that can be as radical, in its fashion, as the social and psychological realism of the nineteenth-century novel.

But no matter how usefully these rules serve movies, they are arbitrary and destructive for prose narratives: If all narratives were screenplays Dostoyevsky's

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philosophical torments, Sterne's wacky digressions, Huckleberry Finn's adventures, Tolstoy's elaborations on history and Balzac's history of Parisian doorways would not exist. Imagine the story conferences about "Anna Karenina"—not an adaptation of the novel but a script fashioned from Tolstoy's characters and story line. Who's your protagonist? Anna? She's not very sympathetic. Levin? He talks so much and does so little. And what's your conflict—Anna's love affair or Levin's? Can't we—oh, the dread producerly "we"!—condense these two? Or maybe we should get Levin and Anna together? And what about all those episodes? The scene where Vronsky beats the horse has some juice—at last there's some action—but what about this painter in Italy? I have refrained from an outright parody of the process—the ritual request to "punch up" the action, the falsely modest confession by the producer that he or she questions some of "your choices," the parting encouragement that all the producer wants is to make sure the audience believes the "journey is worth it"—to demonstrate that the demands of the form would result in a tale radically different from the one Tolstoy wrote.

People talk about screenwriting as a collaborative exercise, but they are mistaken: Collaboration implies a cooperative enterprise. But once the screenplay is on track to be produced the screenwriter works with others—directors, actors, studio people—who exercise infinitely more power over the film than the story's creator. Indeed, the nearer you approach production, the less you control your script. (Unlike any other literary form, screenplays are bought outright; once you sell one, you lose most legal rights to the work.) Of course, some people are more respectful of writers than others, though many producers believe telling a story is the same as writing it and act as though the writer were nothing more than a creative stenographer. ("Take your notebooks," a Harvard-educated ex-Disney executive who prided himself on his literary background once informed my brother and me. "At Disney we work through lunch.")

But even at its best, the process of preparing a screenplay to be filmed results in an endless refining of material, an ironing out of the unresolved tensions we find in imaginatively alive works. The meetings between writer, producer, director and star either erode or trivialize the writer's sense of story. Forbidden effectively from exercising creative control

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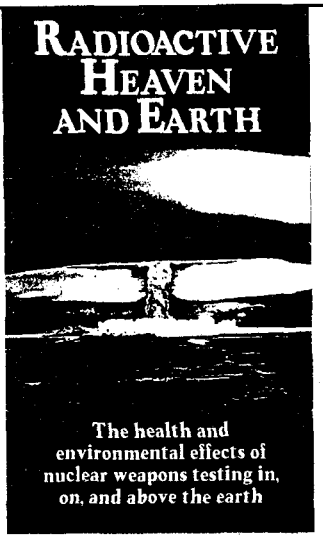
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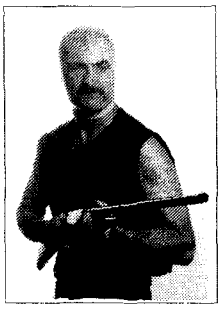
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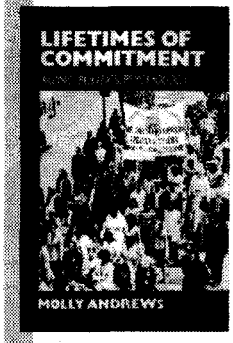

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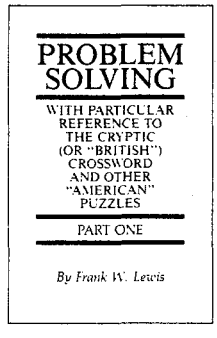
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over his or her own work, the writer exhibits a kind of madness, exerting, like a bureaucrat, his or her influence over absurdly small points: One writer I know spent three hours arguing with a producer over whether a character would say "Nah" or "No." The fact that this attenuated, utterly compromising process isn't dispiriting enough to quell the desire to be produced attests to the fatal attraction of having actors speak your words and seeing your name on screen—though I must confess that at the end of what I promised myself would be my last stint at screenwriting, I did resist believing the script would be produced. Like Marsha Mason in *The Goodbye Girl*, I didn't want to feel good only to be disappointed again.

Even the primary experience of putting the words on the page (or monitor) changes. The screenwriter doesn't explore the world he or she creates, but emblematizes it, searching for a perfect image, gesture or phrase that the director and actors can use to embody whole realms of thought, feeling, behavior and personal history. What we don't know about Terry Malloy in *On the Waterfront*—his parents, girlfriends, where he lives, how and why he has managed to remain innocent since taking his dive—could fill volumes. But Budd Schulberg did his work by finding the image that Brando, in a performance of spectacular economy, uses to convey a lifetime of relationships: "a bum, which is what I am."

Nor are these properties exclusive to the American film. The distinction between European and American film—one driven by action, the other, presumably, driven by character—obscures rather than clarifies. The masterpieces of European cinema achieve their greatness through qualities of mind, not difference in structure: Renoir's dialogue in *The Rules of the Game* is as "dead-on" (as Hollywood puts it) as any Neil Simon play—actually, Renoir is bolder—and *The Seventh Seal* opens with a terser, more vivid statement of dramatic problem and theme than *Terminator 2*.

But how do you teach quality of mind? Renoir and Bergman drew on backgrounds in theater, art and literature. The ignorance of cinematic, literary and artistic tradition is amazing among young filmmakers. Their range of reference frequently limits discussions to all but the most recent Hollywood films, along with the four or five foreign entries that have become *de rigueur* in the cineplex art houses: *Mississippi Burning* rather than *Burn!*, *Cinema Paradiso* rather than *8½*.

And this cultural impoverishment is getting worse. Real estate values have made rerun houses—where you used to be able to see classics and oddball box-office failures—almost extinct, and tapes are at best a sort of glorified Cliffs Notes in relation to a full-length film. More important, filmmakers no longer fix weaknesses in a story; they simply wash over them with a flood of images. There's no reason why a movie like this past summer's *Backdraft* couldn't have been a sensible, diverting entertainment; instead, the filmmakers banked on special effects to keep us in our seats, the same trick Kenneth Branagh does—though with a good deal more wit—in *Dead Again*.

In addition, the glorification of Hollywood and the identification people of my generation and younger make with films have resulted in an intellectually stultifying reverence toward movies. Rap artists take their inspiration from comic books and television, the junk-food culture they grew up on. But through irony and passion they elevate this material into a riveting, often hilarious and shocking commentary on American social life. But middle-class filmgoers feel compelled to insist on the high artistic ambition of their entertainment, a kind of narcissism in which they confirm their own self-importance by treating the modestly accomplished works they like with a thoroughly undeserved seriousness.

Still, there's no harm in this—as long as other art forms provide alternatives to film. But film culture seems increasingly to be dominating other literary forms.

Every journalist is mindful of the money Hollywood pays for a good story. One can't blame the film industry for trends encouraged by editors, but the emphasis in magazines on stories with strong leads, scenic moments and quickly identifiable characters fits perfectly with the melodramatic framework Hollywood recognizes as a potential screenplay. Many nonfiction books—good and bad—are proposed and contracted for partly because of their attractiveness as potential screenplays. From the first, *The Executioner's Song* was slated for the screen, and Kevin Costner reportedly told the author of *Dances With Wolves* to write the story as a novel because a book would attract more attention from studio executives than a screenplay. A probable movie sale figures for writer and agent as a kind of censorship, subtly influencing

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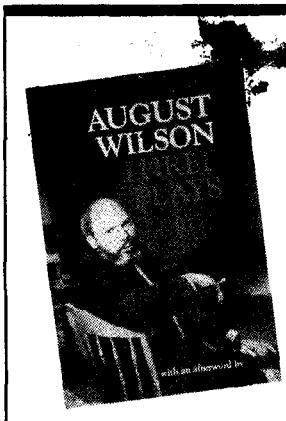
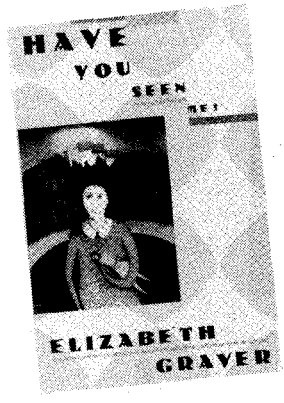
the selection of subject and treatment. Meanwhile, every American now believes his or her life story is a valuable screenplay property. Several years ago, while I was researching a nonfiction book, several principals refused to be interviewed unless I paid them. Hadn't the woman from Lorimar already been there, promising them money? In their minds television movies and journalists were one; they were sure they were going to be ripped off and that every writer carried a studio checkbook in his or her pocket.

The effects on fiction are equally disturbing. Some writers have incorporated cinematic techniques into their prose. In *Far Tortuga*, Peter Matthiessen uses cuts to shift the narrative rapidly from scene to scene; the ellipses force the reader to fill in the gaps imaginatively, and the work of reading the novel becomes a rich, personal experience. Elmore Leonard—whose novel *Get Shorty* ranks as one of the great comic blasts at the movie industry—is another master of a sort of cinematically inspired understatement. But again, he has adopted the techniques for purposes of prose. His spare descriptions and spiraling plots become either dull or overly graphic when translated to film; and the surprising, instructive, offbeat characters that we enjoy in his books are reduced on the screen to central casting's latest twist on down-and-out heroes, tough-talking blondes and inner-city thugs.

Much more commonly, however, cinematic forms are employed for their own sake. In much modern fiction—examples as disparate as Nora Ephron and Robert Stone come immediately to mind—you get the nagging suspicion that scenes have been introduced purely because the author feels the need for a big visual moment that will appeal to Hollywood—what studio people call "Oh my God!" scenes. More and more novels seem to follow the screenwriting trinity of rules: Condense, simplify and dramatize. Herr's book is a brilliant example. *Bright Lights, Big City* serves as a much more limited instance of the effects of cinema: thumbnail characterizations, one-sentence motivations, occasional set pieces (the drunk magazine writer), a kind of skillful, witty writing perfect for a one-night read.

The most aggravating example of this influence is the work of Larry McMurtry. McMurtry is an accomplished and important writer, a realist who has talent and ambition worthy of his subject—the American West. He's a natural storyteller





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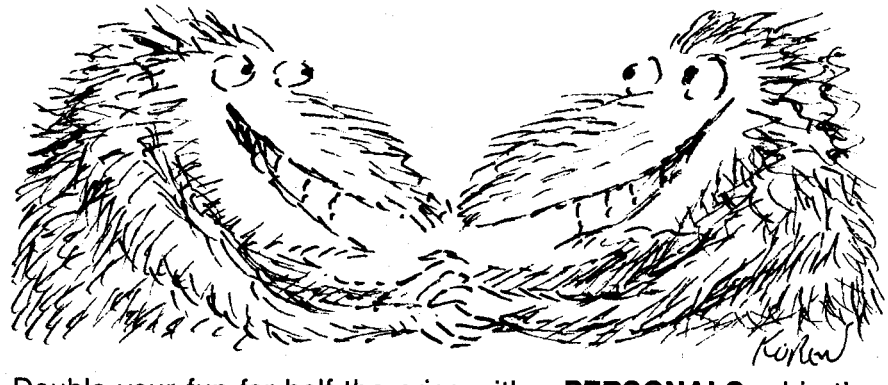

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and critic, someone who thinks in words, not effects, and he possesses a sophisticated, comprehensive knowledge of writing—his casual essays on film display more scholarly erudition, literary judgment and professional savvy than any film critic presently writing. Yet McMurtry's latest books seem frankly conceived as preliminary screenplays. *Texasville* is a proposal for a movie—an extended treatment. There's no narrative; every character is summed up by a gesture; every moment is a scene.

What you feel in such stripped-down fiction is a surrender of the very nature of fiction. The complexities of reading—the sharing in the thoughts, actions and feelings of characters and the reader's subtly changing attitudes toward them—are lost. We don't enjoy this freedom in film. Movies are unique among arts. They contain neither the chanciness of live performance nor the privilege of the audience to determine how it will appreciate the work: Not only are all the images selected for you but also what order you'll see them in and for how long. Written works are different. Reading is a kind of activity, a *contemplation* of a work. A reader lingers over a story or novel; understands and then challenges his or her own judgments of characters; learns, masters and loves a world that he or she helps bring to life. In contrast, the screenplay is a disposable pleasure—"a good book," as a Los Angeles doctor once said about a novel by Gabriel García Márquez, "to listen to music by."

Maybe the movies themselves will save us; audiences might want to find in words the social observation and depth of feeling that characterize the best parts of *Jungle Fever* or *Boyz N the Hood*. It seems impossible to conceive a world in which narrative prose becomes a prized relic on the shelf of dead culture, dusted off and appreciated at occasional moments by the cultured middle class, the equivalent, say, of classical music; such a condition means not only an end to a form of art but to a cast of mind so fundamental to our everyday assumptions about the world that it seems synonymous with civilization itself.

But maybe it's not. A few weeks ago, Coca-Cola announced the hiring of Creative Artists—Hollywood's most prestigious, powerful talent agency—to, in the words of the *New York Times* business section, "help . . . mold its marketing and media strategies around the world." Explaining the decision, a Coca-Cola vice president said: "American culture broadly defined—music, film, fashion and food—has become the culture worldwide." Is it oversight or prophecy that literature fails to appear on his list? □

'Excesses Always Occur'

BARBARA BELEJACK

CHILDREN OF CAIN: Violence and the Violent in Latin America. *By Tina Rosenberg. Morrow. 394 pp. $25.*

The phrase "human rights official" has always struck me as an oxymoron, but every once in a while you run into one who is basically decent. "Basically, I'm optimistic," the one I know in Mexico says, whether we are talking about the basement of a Mexico City police headquarters that was used as a clandestine torture center; the investigation of the murder of a prominent human rights attorney; or the former antidrug czar's personal bodyguards, who were raping women in Mexico City. When pressed for details, he's always ready with a history lesson. "You must understand," he explains. "We are descended from three autonomous cultures: the Spanish, the Catholic and the indigenous."

I don't suppose Tina Rosenberg ever had the same conversation with the same human rights official. Early in her travels she figured out that Mexico was not the place to be. But after wandering through El Salvador, Nicaragua, Colombia, Peru, Argentina and Chile gathering material for *Children of Cain: Violence and the Violent in Latin America*, Rosenberg offers the same answer to the same kinds of questions. Five hundred years ago Latin America got on the wrong bus—the Spanish, Catholic and indigenous one. "What is it at the bottom of Latin America that allows political violence to survive?" she asks. "If I have to give just one answer, it would be: History. Most of Latin America was conquered and colonized through violence, setting up political and economic relationships based on power, not law. These relationships still exist today—indeed, in some countries they are stronger than ever."

Rosenberg lived in Latin America from 1985 to 1990 and was based in Nicaragua and later Chile while writing for *The New Republic* and *The Atlantic*. Armed with a MacArthur Foundation grant, she managed to travel just about everywhere in between, trying to capture the essence of a society in the lives of one or two individuals. Before she moved south, her images were rather naïve, all "sobbing widows . . . [and] life lived to the music of gunfire." After adjusting to her initial disappointment, she became obsessed with the big questions. She found her answers in the distinction between "citizens" and "inhabitants," between residents of countries that follow the rule of law and those that follow the rule of power. By that definition, Chile under Pinochet was an aberration, something horrible that happened in a country with a "lawyer's soul," something that was allowed to continue to happen when people became more preoccupied with new TV sets, "a shortcut through the housing bureaucracy and a bowl of potato soup" than the rule of law. By contrast, Nicaragua was a Greek tragedy played out between a revolutionary government in a country with no legal tradition and a superpower that asserted itself because "that's what superpowers do."

Rosenberg seeks out those who commit violence or make violence possible by pretending that it doesn't happen or that excesses are bound to occur. She discovers they are not all monsters. Like the anonymous cop in the Rubén Blades song, they may get up in the morning, step in a puddle of dog piss, reach for a towel marked "Disneylandia" and worry about the kids' school bills before going out to "arrest some guy." In Colombia, the teenage *sicarios*, or killers for hire, know their careers and lives will be short. Invariably, they want to use their earnings to buy something to make their mothers' lives easier. The prototype for violence in Peru is 23-year-old Javier, a stockbroker's assistant by day, a law student by night and a spare-time Shining Path terrorist. At his home in Lima, Rosenberg hears a conversation between the terrorist and his mother that goes like this:

Mother: What kind of kid goes around killing people?

Terrorist/Kid: The system kills people with hunger. Sixty thousand children die before their first birthday each year in Peru. What's going to help them?

Mother: I pray. I say prayers for them.

Barbara Belejack is a writer living in Mexico City.

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The flip side of Javier is 24-year-old Gladys, an Indian migrant from the highlands living in a slum settlement in Tacna near the Chilean border. She is a single mother of two, continually underpaid, desperately ill with tuberculosis and about to lose her house. Her children are the ones Javier's mother prays for. Her life is the philosophical justification for Javier's participation in the guerrilla army. For Rosenberg, Gladys is at first the perfect example of passivity, then the perfect example of someone whose life is totally unaffected by official Peru (no birth certificate, no land title). But she changes her mind:

> What I had confused for people's passivity was a simple distinction between actions that could improve their lives . . . and ones that are a waste of time. . . . They know just enough about the legal system to be certain that it will never do a thing for them. They know whom and what they can trust and whom and what they cannot. Heading the latter list is anything to do with the government or with *misti* [white people].

Ultimately, this is a book that is both fascinating and frustrating. It is fascinating because the writing is seamless and Rosenberg has an eye for the perfect detail. The women prisoners in the Shining Path prison block march in perfect formation, "all wearing black high heels, black skirts, red blouses and Mao caps—flight attendants of the Revolution." But what does it all mean? Rosenberg may be a super storyteller, but when her analysis falls flat, she turns into a kinder, gentler P.J. O'Rourke. If History is the explanation for Latin America's problems, then History is also the solution: "Every citizenry in the world was at one point not a citizenry, and contemporary Latin America is not very different from the ancien régime of Europe." I'm not so sure. If Latin America teaches us anything it is this: We don't all live in the same century; we don't all have the same mindset. Most of us have no idea what the rule of law as defined by Rosenberg means to an indigenous community. We are equally fuzzy on how nations are supposed to use the rule of law—were they so inclined—to resolve the enormous disparity between rich and poor, the tremendous marginalization that remains the greatest violence in the hemisphere. Unfortunately it is no longer fashionable to talk about economic rights. But reality hasn't changed all that much.

In some ways, the focus on law is admirable and long overdue. The bulk of mainstream reporting on Latin America remains fixed on elections, debt, drugs and disaster, along with the modernized 1990s version of debt—Free Trade, the happy vision of millions and millions of merchants and entrepreneurs from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego selling trinkets to one another. As Carlos Fuentes remarked during the 1984 presidential campaigns in the United States and El Salvador, "You want to make an instant New Hampshire out of El Salvador." Rosenberg frequently observes that elections do not make for democracy. They do make for soundbites and fifteen-inch stories, however. Justice, as it is meted out along the Peruvian-Chilean border, does not: "By seven-thirty in the morning the courthouse was already filled with people engaged in the national pastime of waiting in long lines to talk to bored-looking men sitting behind manual typewriters."

While the media obsess over every pull and tug in Eastern Europe, there is a disappointing lack of interest in stories about [illegible] and the creation of democratic institutions in the rest of Latin America. What happens to the former members of security forces in the Southern Cone? How does a nation turn around a judicial system? What is it supposed to do with police at all levels? Who knows? Who cares?

Yet Rosenberg suffers from a similar lack of interest whenever the subject is international law. She chronicles the history of U.S. interventions in Nicaragua, cynically reports on the billions of dollars poured into wasted efforts to make cheery Rotarians out of the most radi-

HER HEAD

Near Ekuvukeni in
Natal, South Africa,
a woman carries water on her head.
After a year of drought when
one child in three is at risk of death,
she returns from a distant well
carrying water on her head.

The pumpkins are gone,
the tomatoes withered,
yet the woman carries water on her head.
The cattle kraals are empty,
the goats gaunt,
no milk now for children,
but she is carrying water on her head.

The engineers have reversed the river:
those with power can keep their power,
but one woman is carrying water on her head.
In the homelands, where the dusty crowds
watch the empty roads for water trucks,
one woman trusts herself with treasure,
and carries the water on her head.

The sun does not dissuade her,
not the dried earth that blows against her,
as she carries the water on her head.
In a huge and dirty pail,
with an idle handle,
resting on a narrow can,
this woman is carrying water on her head.

This woman who girds her neck
with safety pins, this one who
carries water on her head,
trusts her own head to bring to her people
what they need now
between life and death:
She is carrying them water on her head.

Joan Murray

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cally right-wing elements of El Salvador's business elite and cites the 1970 C.I.A.-sponsored assassination of Chilean armed forces Chief of Staff René Schneider in an attempt to create a coup following the election of Salvador Allende. But she is unable or unwilling to go the next step. When Luis Carrión Cruz, an embattled Sandinista idealist turned Interior Ministry official, tells her that "every single progressive step that has been tried in this continent has been met with destabilization or open war from the United States," she evades his protests. Instead she asks whether the Sandinistas weren't irresponsible, knowing in advance how the United States would react. She provides her own poetic responses about inevitably doomed revolutions.

I don't subscribe to the view that the United States is responsible for all of Latin America's problems. But a legacy of intervention, proxy wars, low-intensity conflicts (another great oxymoron) and an ill-defined war on drugs that inevitably reinforces the worst aspects of the region's military and law enforcement establishment haven't contributed much to the creation of democratic institutions. Similarly, Rosenberg too quickly eases over lapses in the rule of law on the home front, using the same expression as her Latin American counterparts: "Excesses always occur."

Despite my misgivings about her analysis, I think Tina Rosenberg may have done us all a favor, but for a much larger reason than she may believe. She may have attempted too much in trying to tie together an interpretation of Central America, the Andes and the Southern Cone. But during her travels Rosenberg caught on to the vision that currently unites most of the hemisphere and sets its priorities. I think she has seen the future, and the future looks like something that used to be called the Chilean miracle:

> The rich had in their grasp the silliest excesses of development: banks that reported account balances over the phone; supermarkets with photocopy machines. The notion that the fax machines, automatic tellers, and skyscrapers meant that Chile was modern, or had left the rest of Latin America behind, was the modern-day equivalent of Louis XIV's belief that his peasants were happy because Versailles was large. But Pinochet's peasants were not happy. Bank machines did not make them proud; they made them angry at the contrast between modern Chile and the Chile in which the vast majority lived. □

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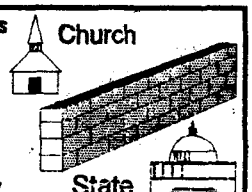

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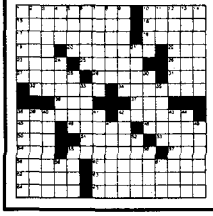

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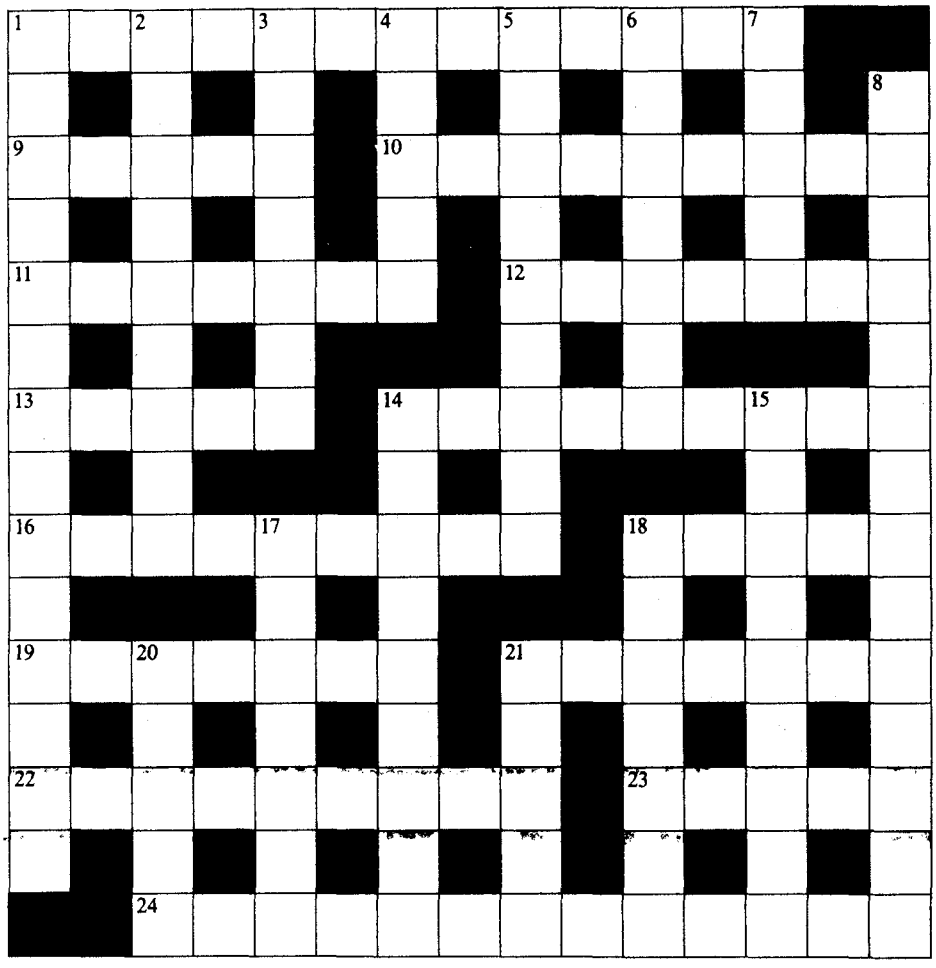
Crossword Puzzle No. 2356

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Some go to the track to find what follows a trio of squeakers missing a sense of importance. (3,3,4,3)
9 Wary of being like some ogler? (5)
10 In Tulsa, tell it especially for its "birdlike" quality. (9)
11 You have but a short month to work for a powerful organization with far-reaching branches. (7)
12 False handles? (7)
13 and 14 We are not likely to recognize this country. (5,9)
16 Their nice sayings are not for the quick. (8)
18 Keep Capone out, which describes a triviality! (5)
19 A sailor all by himself makes one in a shell. (7)
21 Passage unless it's around the capital of Russia. (7)
22 Where travelers pay to ring a bell with a C.I.A. man, perhaps. (9)
23 Covered the inner side, as the spectators did the street. (5)
24 Secretly take 150 to the mountains, with silvery metal someplace in Nevada. (13)

DOWN

1 Sounds like the old sailor is a real landlubber but actually one of the best! (4,2,3,5)
2 Choose to take a kind of test in college, of a sort. (7)
3 Dukakis, perhaps, in the capital, at least next to Washington! (7)
4 Don't ask so many questions the jobs are inside! (5)
5 What some of Shakespeare's players made, captures the heart of one! (9)
6 Such a stone certainly wouldn't be mossy, but is it musical? (7)
7 *They have to be hit on the head or on the* fingers. (5)
8 A nominal suggestion after the initial 24-hour period? (4,4,2,1,3)
14 What Lestrade did in common specification with Senator Kennedy? (9)
15 Once a ring is made, in could imply a state of bliss to some. (9)
17 Reputedly a peachy place to live. (7)
18 Taxi up, getting sick with one or more things to make you sick. (7)
20 If you have to haul ice, you'll find it pertaining to a royal court. (5)
21 Sees a way to discover what a painkiller does. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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Jewish Committee On The Middle East

P.O. Box 18367; Washington, D.C. 20036

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An independent association of Jewish writers, academics, and intellectuals including Jewish Professors at over 150 universities, and thousands of supporters nationwide

Principles of Peace

FOR A JUST and lasting peace to finally become possible between Israel, the Palestinians, and the Arab States, we strongly believe the following principles must be adhered to:

COMPREHENSIVE PEACE:

* A COMPREHENSIVE PEACE INCLUDING PALESTINIAN INDEPENDENCE, THE RECOGNITION OF ISRAEL BY THE ARAB STATES, AND SECURE BORDERS THROUGHOUT THE REGION, MUST BE THE GOAL OF THE IMPENDING INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE -- NOT ANOTHER LIMITED AGREEMENT WITH INDIVIDUAL ARAB COUNTRIES BASED ON POLITICAL PRESSURES AND FINANCIAL INDUCEMENTS, AND NOT A SEPARATE AND TEMPORARY ARRANGEMENT THAT OVERLOOKS OR FURTHER DELAYS THE BASIC PALESTINIAN RIGHT TO SELF-DETERMINATION.

U.N. RESOLUTIONS:

* U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL RESOLUTIONS MUST BE FULFILLED AND ENFORCED -- MOST ESPECIALLY THOSE REQUIRING THAT ISRAEL WITHDRAW FROM OCCUPIED ARAB TERRITORIES AND CEASE PREVENTING PALESTINIAN SELF-DETERMINATION; AND THAT PEACEFUL RELATIONS THEN BE ESTABLISHED BETWEEN THE ARAB COUNTRIES AND ISRAEL.

PALESTINIAN REPRESENTATION:

* LIKE ALL OTHER PARTIES, THE PALESTINIANS MUST BE FREE TO CHOOSE THEIR OWN REPRESENTATIVES, WITH THE PALESTINE LIBERATION ORGANIZATION (PLO) WIDELY RECOGNIZED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD TO EMBODY PALESTINIAN ASPIRATIONS. INDEED, THE PALESTINIANS ARE THE MOST CRUCIAL DELEGATION NECESSARY TO THE SUCCESS OF THE UPCOMING INTERNATIONAL NEGOTIATIONS.

SUSPENSION OF AID TO ISRAEL:

* IF ISRAEL CONTINUES ITS BRUTAL POLICIES TOWARD THE PALESTINIANS, CONTINUES TO BUILD ILLEGAL SETTLEMENTS IN THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES, AND CONTINUES TO REFUSE TO NEGOTIATE WITH FREELY CHOSEN PALESTINIAN REPRESENTATIVES ON THE BASIS OF U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL RESOLUTIONS, THEN WE URGE WESTERN COUNTRIES, MOST ESPECIALLY THE UNITED STATES, TO SUSPEND ALL ASSISTANCE TO ISRAEL PENDING CHANGES IN THESE POLICIES.

CONFIDENCE-BUILDING MEASURES:

* CONFIDENCE-BUILDING MEASURES ARE URGENTLY REQUIRED AT THIS POINT. CONSEQUENTLY WE STRONGLY ENDORSE THE RENEWED CALL FOR ISRAEL TO END ALL SETTLEMENT ACTIVITIES IN THE WEST BANK, GAZA STRIP, GOLAN HEIGHTS, AND EAST JERUSALEM WITHOUT ANY FURTHER DELAY; AND FURTHERMORE WE LOOK FORWARD TO A COMPREHENSIVE PEACE AGREEMENT WHICH MUST INCLUDE AN END TO THE ARAB BOYCOTT AGAINST ISRAEL, FULLY RECOGNIZED BORDERS WITH DEMILITARIZATION ARRANGEMENTS, FIRM INTERNATIONAL GUARANTEES, AS WELL AS REGIONAL ARMS CONTROL AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT PLANS.

MUTUAL ISRAEL-PALESTINIAN RECOGNITION:

* MOST CRITICAL OF ALL IS THE URGENT NEED FOR BOTH THE ISRAELI NATIONAL MOVEMENT AND THE PALESTINIAN NATIONAL MOVEMENT TO RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER, NEGOTIATE WITH EACH OTHER, AND ACCEPT EACH OTHER'S LEGITIMATE RIGHT TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE. CONTINUING EFFORTS TO AVOID THIS CRUCIAL STEP WILL LIKELY RESULT ONLY IN TEMPORARY COSMETIC POLITICAL ARRANGEMENTS THAT WILL BE THE CAUSE OF FURTHER CONFLICT IN FUTURE YEARS.

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Israel Army General Staff, '67 War

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